



THE LITERARY DIGEST



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TOPICS OF THE DAY



TAFT OR ROOSEVELT IN 1912?

A CHICAGO cartoonist depicts those erstwhile cronies, William Howard Taft and Theodore Roosevelt, regarding one another with oblique uneasy glances of suspicion, while between them hover, like some chilling fantoms of the brain, the figures 1912. At the meeting of the President and ex-President at New Haven last week, says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Ind. Dem.), "while everything was smooth and pleasant, all observers seem agreed that the old-time cordiality was lacking. There was no effervescent demonstration of Damon and Pythias friendship." And the same newspaper adds in explanation: "Each is looking toward another term in the White House, and the thought of 1912 has come like a blight between them." In the absence of any authoritative statement about the actual facts of the case, these surmises, which are widely echoed in the press, possess a peculiar interest.

We even find so able a student of American life and politics as Professor Münsterberg describing in a Vienna paper "the war between Roosevelt and Taft." "The partisans of Roosevelt are enemies, avowed or clandestine, of Taft," declares the *Kansas City Journal* (Rep.), "and the only logical attitude of the friends of the President is to recognize the impossibility of enlisting Roosevelt in the cause of Republican harmony and success." The *Detroit Journal* (Rep.) recalls the fact that the famous dispatch from Oyster Bay declaring that President Taft had cast his influence on the side of the bosses in return for their support in 1912 incurred no public rebuke from the Mighty Hunter. Conventions dominated by Mr. Roosevelt's friends, remarks the *Indianapolis News* (Ind.), "have either refused to indorse President Taft's Administration, or have been content to praise him for his 'good intentions.'" And even so loyal an administration paper as the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* (Rep.) admits that "in some of the insurgent States the Republican conventions of the past few weeks gave such faint praise to Mr. Taft that he probably would have preferred that they did not mention him at all."

On the other hand, we have the assurance of no less an authority than the *New York Outlook* that Mr. Roosevelt's Western tour was not, in his mind, "a preparation for a Presidential campaign in 1912." His rôle, we are told, is simply that of "an apostle of the New Nationalism and a preacher of civic righteousness." And as he "asked no reward in the past," he "will ask none in the future." The representative of the *New York Tribune* (Rep.) who accompanied the Roosevelt party

also declares that the Colonel had no political purpose in his trip beyond promoting the progressive Roosevelt policies and the welfare of the Republican party. He neither knows nor cares who will be the choice of the next national convention of his party, we are told, "provided it adopts a progressive platform according to his ideas of what is progress." "I don't suppose I will ever be in public life again," said the ex-President in one of his speeches on the way to Chicago; "but if I am—," he added, and proceeded to deliver one of his warnings to all favor-seeking corporations. "Colonel Roosevelt's methods," remarks the *Washington Post* (Ind.), "are beyond the ken of the guessing public."

The *Toledo Blade* (Rep.) is one of several papers which dismiss as absurd any talk of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy in 1912, citing in support of their view his reiterated declarations against a third term. Says *The Blade*:

"When the result of the election of 1904 was made known, Mr. Roosevelt issued the following formal statement:

"On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and a half years and these three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another term."

"In December, 1907, he said, 'I have not changed and shall not change that decision thus announced.'

"This would be assurance sufficient for any citizen save him who is blinded by dislike."

On the other hand, *Collier's Weekly* derides the antithird-term tradition as "a singularly ignorant historical superstition." Any support that the tradition has claimed from the name of George Washington, we learn, is apocryphal. To quote:

"At least one thousand Americans believe George Washington was against the third-term idea, to one who knows that Washington actually favored as many terms as a man could fill acceptably. So let us have no more talk about G. W. on the subject. Mr. Bryan is welcome to say that Mr. Roosevelt, in accepting a nomination in 1912, would 'violate the precedent of a century,' but at least the precedent must get along without the approval of Washington. Washington at the end of his second term was very tired. From early youth until declining age he had been, with very little interruption, in the service of his country. He was weary, his constitution was deteriorated, he longed for quiet on his estate, and therefore he begged his countrymen to excuse him from further service.

"What he thought about the abstract question, apart from his own private inclination, is shown clearly enough by his whole course of thought, but for the benefit of those who continually quote him as objecting to more than two terms we offer (with our own italics) these words written to Lafayette:

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"Guarded so effectually as the proposed constitution is, in respect to the prevention of bribery and undue influence in the choice of President, I confess I differ widely myself from Mr. Jefferson and you as to the necessity or expediency of rotation in that appointment."

"Long before he was permitted to retire, he was tired of turmoil, he was devoted to quiet life on his estate, but those who think he feared danger from the executive branch of the Government know little of his thought."

President Taft's attitude toward a renomination for himself in 1912, according to Beverly dispatches, is one of willingness to abide by the will of the party. Thus the New York *Sun's* correspondent writes:

"He is not actively seeking a second term. He is devoting



"THE TIME IS OUT OF JOINT; O CURSED SPITE!
THAT EVER I WAS BORN TO SET IT RIGHT."—Hamlet.
—De Mar in the Philadelphia Record.

himself solely to the duties of his office and to the redemption of the pledges made in the Republican National platform.

"He has found the duties of his office exacting, if not irksome, but he has not said, as has been reported, that he was willing to step aside in 1912.

"On the contrary, the President will respond to a call for a second term if he is satisfied that his friends and the country want him. He has not thought of deserting his friends."

A terse dispatch in the New York *Evening Post* says:

"Mr. Taft is willing to run in 1912 if nominated. His friends say that if the American people want him for a second term, not even Colonel Roosevelt can prevent his nomination."

A further contribution to the subject comes from the New York *Herald's* Beverly correspondent:

"Politicians who have shrewdly calculated that Mr. Roosevelt's trip into the West was intended to stir up trouble there and operate to the election of a Democratic House, to be followed by a sweeping bow from the Oyster Bay lion-hunter and the announcement that he alone can save the party, have overlooked one of the Taft characteristics. Election of a Democratic House and the failure to fulfil promises made in the Chicago platform is the most likely of anything to make President Taft demand renomination.

"Mr. Taft's aim has been legislation which will make his party known for fulfilment of promises. He would have his Administration remembered for this. If he does not succeed in getting the things promised he is very likely to seek a second term that he may complete this work."

President Taft's position regarding a renomination, declares *The Herald*, is "refreshing in its reflection of good taste, dig-

nity, and patriotism," and is "altogether admirable." "If the party in power is to win Congressional victories this autumn," the same paper adds, "it will be because of the record Mr. Taft has made." "It is well that the President should let it be known that he will 'sit tight' and wait to see if there is not a revolution against the revolutionist," remarks the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.). Since a large part of the West, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Rep.), has treated Mr. Taft unfairly, it is incumbent upon the East "to give him the praise which is his due." "When all is over," affirms the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), "history will do justice to Mr. Taft"; but what, in the mean time, will be the attitude of the Republican voters, it does not venture to predict. Says the Brooklyn *Citizen* (Dem.):

"Whether the President is going to be swept off his feet by the rising tide of radicalism fomented by Roosevelt is a question of vital import to the business community. His recent right-about in the matter of giving patronage to the insurgent Republicans has weakened the confidence felt in him as a prop of conservatism. The only possible explanation of the President's desertion of the conservative cause, and his alinement with the radical Republicans, would be a belief on his part that the progressives will control the next Republican National Convention and that if he shows himself sufficiently subservient to the Roosevelt program the Colonel will give him a second nomination."

The New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) thinks that time will work with the President and against Mr. Roosevelt:

"Two years in advance of the convention Mr. Roosevelt has begun a vociferous and obstreperous campaign for the nomination. At this moment he occupies the whole stage. It is not possible for any man, not even for Mr. Roosevelt, to hold the whole attention of all the people for two years. He has begun too early and his pitch is too high. There is, too, fortunately, a first-rate chance that he will vastly diminish his present popularity. For one thing, the people may tire of him. There are signs of that already. But if he goes on as he has begun they will certainly withdraw their confidence from him and his doctrines. . . .

"Mr. Taft has passed through the most trying period of his Administration—the first year. His fame and his fortune are now in his own hands. His worst mistake was that about the tariff. That he has done his best to correct, and for that correction he has the approval of the country. If by his future acts and policies he continues to merit that approval, he will have no need to trouble himself about 'endorsements' in Republican State platforms. They will come spontaneously and with enthusiasm."

At present, however, complains the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), "the country is in that extraordinary frame of mind when nothing that President Taft does seems to win favorable attention." To quote further:

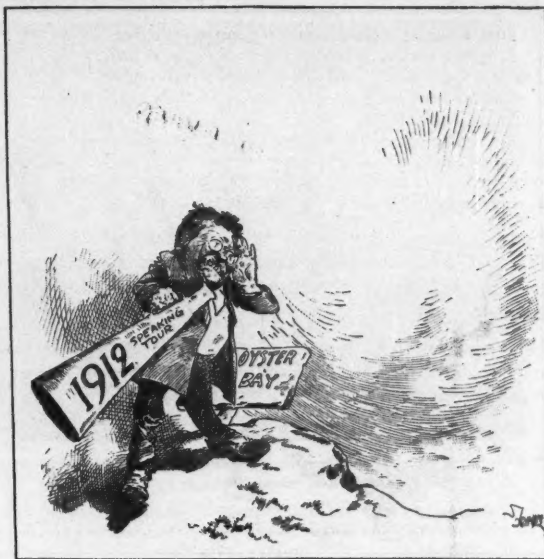
"If a tabulation of actual results were made, setting those of his Administration beside those of his predecessor, it is a fair prediction that more would be found to have been actually accomplished by him than in any corresponding period of Mr. Roosevelt's years of office. The successful prosecution of the great trusts; the new indictments secured of other alleged combinations; the passage of railroad regulation and similar corporate legislation; the establishment of a Tariff Commission to afford more equitable mechanism for future tariff-making, are results which are representative of the Taft Administration. Only this morning the news comes of negotiations well under way for a reciprocity treaty with Canada. As President Mr. Taft is 'doing things' in a quiet, but effective way; and yet such is the power of advertising that the country absorbed in the illusion of Roosevelt's omnipotence, seems to forget that he is on duty."

In the opinion of the Pittsburgh *Sun* (Ind.) Mr. Taft has injured his chances of renomination by his letter promising to restore Federal patronage to the insurgents. Says that paper:

"Desperate, panic-stricken, Taft drops his golf club at Beverly and dictates to his secretary a message to the world that the embargo on the insurgent Congressmen is lifted at the pie-counter, and beckons frantically to La Follette and the rest



ROUSING THE BABY.

—Brinkerhoff in the *Cleveland Leader*.

WAITING FOR THE ECHO.

—Donahey in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THE GREAT AWAKENER.

of them to come on and help themselves to post-offices, for the love of peace and votes to save the face of Bill Taft, glory be.

"The Danes destroyed the hearing of their war-horses in order that they might not be affrighted by the din of battle. If the Taft ear is open only to the pie-counter advice of Joe Cannon, Hitchcock, and all the peanut politicians in their train who whooped in the first place to take the Federal patronage from the insurgents, Taft had better ram cotton stuffing in his head. But better by far for him if he were to hearken at last to the voice of the millions who don't care three whoops in Texas about post-office pie and who want just what they're going after now with heart and soul—their rights."

The Indianapolis *Sun*, another independent paper, also finds in this letter proof that the President "utterly misunderstands the great progressive movement, and is no longer a leader." And the St. Louis *Republic* (Dem.) remarks that "there is no temptation for one allied with the stand-pat element to become a candidate for President in 1912."

The New York *Press* (Rep.) exults over signs of perturbation among the "Wall Street gamblers" as they see Roosevelt "looming larger as a man to reckon with in 1912." The New York *Globe* (Rep.), on the other hand, sees developing "a new crop of doubts" concerning Mr. Roosevelt, and the New York *World* (Ind. Dem.) submits the following arithmetical warning against a return of "Rooseveltism":

"The total expenditures of the United States Government from the inauguration of Washington in 1789 to the beginning of the Civil War in 1861 were \$1,795,273,344.14.

"The appropriation bills signed by Theodore Roosevelt during his second term in the White House, from March 4, 1905, to March 4, 1909, authorized expenditures amounting to \$3,522,982,816.87.

"Four years of Rooseveltism cost twice as much as the first seventy-two years of the Republic!

"What have the American people got to show for the four years of Rooseveltism which cost double the money?

"And what would be the cost of four years more of Roosevelt under the New Nationalism?"

A Pittsburg dispatch to the New York *Evening Post* quotes a prediction by President T. L. Lewis, of the United Mine-Workers of America, that "Roosevelt won't be President again." Says Mr. Lewis:

"The people won't have him. Teddy has never really fooled the public, in fact. Nobody can fool the public, and you can't fool the miners either. Roosevelt could not fool the people,

and I want to say right here that he will never be elected President again. The people won't have him. He has been traveling here and there about the country, indorsing a Democrat here and a Republican there, and a member of some new party in nearly every town he stopt at. Is that consistency? I tell you the people are getting tired of Mr. Roosevelt.

"I would have you understand that I am trying to aid the miners practically, and am not going about the country kicking the corners off the buildings as Teddy and some others are doing."

OUR UNPREPARED ARMY

THE STANDING ARMY of the United States, according to the very frank report of Inspector-General E. A. Garlington, is under-officered, deficient in specially trained men, unprepared for field service, and out of date in its transportation equipment, while the marching capacity of our infantry "is below mediocrity." The Inspector-General's report is chiefly a summing-up of the reports of the officers of his department, "who are naturally, as becomes their office," remarks the New York *Army and Navy Journal*, "more disposed to criticism than to commendation." Most of these assistant inspectors lay special stress on the absence of officers from the companies. "This I believe to be the most fruitful source of professional disease in the line of the Army to-day," reports Colonel Chamberlin, while another inspector calls attention to the fact that the First Battalion, First Field Artillery, ordered to the Philippines, had no field officer on duty, all of the batteries being commanded by lieutenants, except one which was in charge of a second lieutenant of less than two years' service. "The military service," we are further informed, "is greatly behind in the matter of specialization," our mistake being that we try to teach all the officers and men everything, "instead of specializing and only teaching each as much as he can learn well with ordinary application." Concerning the probable inefficiency of our Army in the field Major Bell contributes the following information:

"I again call attention to the unpreparedness of the field Army for field service; to the fact that our new field-service regulations are almost entirely theoretical or dependent upon the experience of armies other than our own; . . . that the transportation for the Army in the field is practically the same as it was in 1861, for our Army is probably the only one among



A STRANGE VOICE FROM THE ELEPHANT PADDOCK.

—Darling in the Des Moines Register and Leader.



"HELL BENT"

—Minor in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WHEN A ROCKRIBBED STATE BREAKS LOOSE.

those of the leading nations which has not made use of automobiles, traction-engines, etc.; to the fact that we have theoretical theses on how to supply ammunition to the firing line, but as yet these have not been tried in the field, nor have we had any experience in delivering supplies to troops in action and on the marching of trains and the position of various wagons, so that the amount of crowding produced by combat trains has not been ascertained by us, and we have to depend entirely upon our reading for the experiences of other armies. The faults spoken of or alluded to above would be shown up in a clearer light and corrected before they lead to disaster if the present maneuvers could be replaced at least once by the march of a complete army corps, equipped as it would be in the theater of operations after war had been declared—a corps complete in all particulars and ready for battle. While our infantry is composed of the best material in the world, and is probably as well, if not better, trained in the use of the rifle than that of any other army, its marching capacity is below mediocrity, and yet it is admitted to-day that the fate of the battles of the future depends, as it has in the past, upon the marching capacity of the infantry. . . . When the new infantry pack is issued to the service the normal load for our men will be fourteen pounds lighter than that of the lightest load of any of the leading armies in the world, and are we to rest contented with inferior marching mediocrity, for if not we must be up and doing."

This is undoubtedly a serious condition of affairs, remarks the *Philadelphia Inquirer* (Rep.), while the *Buffalo Express* (Ind. Rep.) asks pertinently: "Does the blame lie with Congress or within the Army itself?" Says the *New Orleans Picayune* (Dem.):

"Congress has failed to make provision for a proper field equipment and has also refused to authorize additional officers. That some of the conditions complained of might be remedied is evident, however, as, for instance, the marching capacity of the troops. . . ."

"It is of small consequence that our regular Army is made up of the best material if Congress does not provide the proper field equipment. The time to prepare for war is during peace, as in these days events move quickly, and whoever is best prepared will have a tremendous advantage at the outbreak of a war."

"It seems that the lesson of the Spanish-American War has been rather quickly forgotten," remarks the *San Francisco Post* (Ind.), which reminds us that 80 per cent. of the troops then rushed to the Philippines "were armed with single-shot Springfield rifles twenty-five years out of date," while the Spanish troops had Mauser rifles of the latest type. The Springfield

Republican (Ind.) commends the Inspector-General for calling a spade a spade and making no attempt to cover up weaknesses. The *Boston Herald* (Ind.) remarks that "Gen. Homer Lee, whose book 'The Valor of Ignorance,' has not attracted as much attention in this country as it should, but which has been carefully read in Europe and Japan, will take satisfaction in the report of Inspector-General Garlington, with its trenchant and candid criticism of the national Army." The *New York Sun* (Ind.), however, while indorsing some of the criticisms contained in the report, takes partial exception to others. Thus we read:

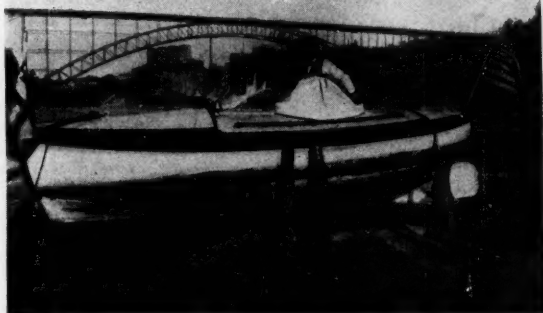
"Our transportation," declares an officer of the Inspector-General's department in a recent report, "is the same as at the beginning of the Civil War." This is true as a general proposition. Motor-trucks, automobiles, and traction-engines, might be more or less used in place of the familiar old wagon with its mule power, but a fair supply of those vehicles could be promptly secured in an emergency, and in the present state of the motor industry it is perhaps neither necessary nor advisable to essay the substitution of motor-cars for the army mule of honorable record and distinguished service. . . ."

"The criticism that the 'marching capacity of our infantry is below mediocrity' is probably overdrawn. The marching of our troops in China in 1900 was a fair demonstration of their ability to 'keep up with the procession,' and it called out some highly complimentary remarks from various commanders of foreign troops. If the charge of inferiority in the matter of physical endurance is well founded, the trouble is open to correction by headquarters orders."

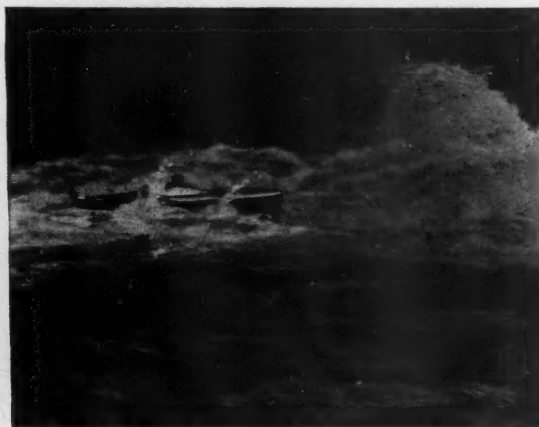
"Mr. Taft as Secretary of War in his official report in 1905 emphasized the need of increasing the number of officers. Secretary Dickinson said in his report for 1909 that 'the necessity for increasing the number of officers in the Army has been thoroughly discust in the annual reports of the Secretary of War in the last five years,' and referred to a bill in Congress providing for an addition of 612 officers to the present force."

Major-General Wood, it seems, has already issued orders for the correction of many of the defects pointed out. He has instituted, we are told, material changes in the training of the force, and has stipulated that the Inspector-General shall hereafter submit the troops to an annual inspection in the field in addition to the present inspection. "This is all very good so far as it goes," remarks the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, which then puts in a word in behalf of a United States merchant marine:

"The Army needs a better equipment for transportation particularly, and this includes the backing of a merchant marine,



BEFORE THE START.



IN THE MIDST OF THE MAELSTROM.

The little motor-boat *Ferro*, in which Capt. Klaus Larsen shot the Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara on September 18, is the only engine-propelled craft to accomplish this feat since the *Maid of the Mist's* trip in 1864. Captain Larsen went through the $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles of raging water in 45 minutes, his frail craft being at one time tossed 20 feet clear of the water, and later capsizing. He kept on and arrived at Lewiston with nothing worse than a bruised leg to remind him of his daring race with death.

"I'LL DO IT AGAIN ONE OF THESE DAYS."

on which the Government can call when necessary for transports. Until this is provided it will be folly to expect our own military force to occupy the same plane of preparedness enjoyed by the troops of other leading nations."

WHY MR. BRYAN BOLTS

IN MR. BRYAN'S repudiation of "Cowboy Jim" Dahlman, his lifelong friend and now candidate for Governor of Nebraska, certain Republican papers profess to see hopeful signs that by 1912 the ranks of the Democracy will be as broken by internal dissension as those of the G. O. P. now appear to be. Mr. Bryan will still be leader of the Democratic radicals, and "he will demand submission or he will fight." Indeed, the *New York Globe* (Rep.) assures us that "he has come to occupy toward his party in the country the place that Mr. Hearst occupies toward the Democratic party in New York; with him it is impossible to win and without him there is equally slim chance." The *New York Tribune* (Rep.) and the *Washington Star* (Ind.) while commending Mr. Bryan for his open stand and his apparent sacrifice of his political fortunes in order to follow his convictions, believe that he will find his new rôle of "bolter" rather awkward. The *Tribune* remarks that he has certainly exposed himself to the shafts of those whom he has denounced for years as "deserters and faithless Democrats" for forsaking their party on the "free-silver" issue in 1896. The *New York Evening Post* (Ind.) takes Mr. Bryan's bolting as another interesting sign of "the general condition of break-up and flux." The *Brooklyn Eagle* (Ind. Dem.) blames it all on the "Demon Rum" which has "severed many close relationships in the past, and, indirectly, continues to sow discord with the county local-option issue in several Western States." This seems to accord well with Mr. Bryan's own statement of his reasons for not supporting the head of the State ticket. He says, as reported in the press dispatches:

"In speaking for the State ticket I shall not be able to present any arguments in favor of the election of Mr. Dahlman. His position on the liquor question makes that impossible.

"I regret this exceedingly, for he has been a political and personal friend for twenty years, and it would give me pleasure to speak for him if I could indorse the policy for which he stands, but he has chosen to make the liquor question the paramount issue and makes his appeal on that issue.

"In spite of the fact that the last Democratic State Convention voted down a declaration against county option by a vote of 638 to 202, he says that he will veto a county-option bill if passed and in spite of the fact that the State convention indorsed the 8 o'clock closing law by a vote of 710 to 163, he announces that he will sign a bill repealing it if such a bill is passed.

"He is making his appeal on non-partizan lines with the liquor question as the sole issue. . . .

"Possibly it is just as well to have the issue clearly presented so that it may be settled this year instead of two years hence. Troublesome as the question is now it would be even more embarrassing if presented in 1912, when we have a Presidential election on hand.

"If Mr. Dahlman is elected it will be a declaration by the voters of the State against county option and against the 8 o'clock closing law. If he is defeated it will be a declaration in favor of county option and in favor of the 8 o'clock closing law.

"In other words if the voters now have the opportunity to decide whether the State shall go backward or forward on the liquor question the present arguments in favor of going back would not only contradict what I have already said on the subject but would embarrass me in the fight that I expect to make hereafter to save our party from the odium of being the representative of the liquor interests."

In Mayor Dahlman's counter-statement, which we find in a *New York Sun* dispatch from Omaha, he expresses "regret that Mr. Bryan and myself must part company for a short time at least," and adds:

"When the votes come in in November Mr. Bryan and his friends will find they have the wrong end of a red-hot poker. They will get the biggest trimming which has been given in this or any other State in several decades. Then I think Mr. Bryan will be ready to come back and aline himself with the rank and file of the party."

The *New York Tribune* finds that under the circumstances, Mr. Bryan is justified in breaking with Dahlman:

"The Democratic candidate has become an open champion of the liquor interests and has conducted a campaign so offensive both to the county optionists and to the supporters of the present 8 o'clock closing law as to leave little choice to Democrats who do not approve his 'wide-open' views. He has been telling them that they ought to support the Republican candidate if they believe in restrictions on the liquor traffic. He has therefore forced an issue which breaks down partizan lines, and to that extent Mr. Bryan can justify himself in refusing to be tied up with a candidacy which has practically only one object—namely, the removal of all existing restrictions on the sale of liquor."

THE SMUGGLING MANIA

TALES of awful outrages perpetrated upon free-born American citizens by the agents of the New York Custom House have periodically drawn from a sympathetic press editorial condemnation of the policy of Collector Loeb. Indeed, it seems a far cry from the sound of muffled oars on a dark night when the old-time smuggler slipped ashore at some lonely spot to conceal his cargo, to the blasé protestations of prominent society ladies and millionaire manufacturers that there is under \$100 worth of dutiable goods in their baggage—only to have inspectors discover silks and jewels of high value the next moment.

In fact, the list of notable people involved is quite astonishing. It includes in this season's travel the names of an ex-Governor of a protectionist State, of two famous New York

sive set of furs the chances are that the Treasury agents will know of the purchase in a few hours."

Upon this point Gen. N. H. Henry, the Surveyor of the Port, declares to a reporter of the *New York Evening Mail*:

"I've noticed that this department is said to have a great secret-service agency abroad, with sleuths running around on the track of American tourists in Europe, trying to get wind of some likely jewel-smuggling."

"As a matter of fact, nine-tenths of our tips since I've been in office have come to us from fellow American tourists, who have either traveled with the would-be smugglers or were coming home with them on the same ships. In one or two cases we have even had tips by wireless from these honest Yankees—and the tips have almost always borne fruit."

Quite another side to the question is indicated by the *New York World's* remark—"Scratch a notable smuggler and you are apt to find a tariff beneficiary," and this paper cites the case of the manufacturer of harvesting machinery and the case of the Sugar Trust. Yet the *New York Times* points out that luxuries have been the articles most concerned and that they will continue to be subject to high duties whatever other changes are made in the tariff. In similar vein the *Boston Herald* says:

"Nothing tends so much to make a man a free-trader as a few little bouts with the Custom House and even the soundest protectionists are now and then caught smuggling. In spite of all this, however, nobody but a philosophic anarchist can justify smuggling as the exercise of a natural right, and even the stiffest free-trader, who holds the tariff to be an iniquitous system of robbing the many for the benefit of the few, can hardly deny the right of the Government to collect revenue at ports of entry, especially in view of the fact that much of the smuggling by home-coming travelers is of articles such as are not made in this country, the tariff upon which, therefore, yields no protection to any hampered home industry."



SAMUEL EXPECTS THAT EVERY-ONE THIS DAY WILL PAY HIS DUTY.
—Morgan in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

restaurateurs, a prominent carpet manufacturer a member of a firm of importers, a millionaire candy-maker, a wealthy producer of harvesting machinery, the woman head of a Boston dressmaking concern, and many others of similar attainments. Strange to say in most of these cases it has been the ladies of the party who were most directly implicated. So noticeable is this phenomenon that the *Boston Herald* suggests that "the Psalmist, who said in his wrath 'All men are liars,' had he lived to-day might have amended his wrathful indictment with 'all women are smugglers.'"

The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and the *Washington Herald* agree that the motive is the same as that of the bargain-hunter—to get things as cheaply as possible, while the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* declares that "to many women there seems to be no moral quality involved in the question of paying or not paying duties. It can not be made an ethical matter in their thinking, and so it becomes merely a problem of outwitting Uncle Sam's Custom-House men."

The chances of success in a smuggling attempt are said to be particularly small because of the activity of United States Treasury agents in Europe. According to the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*—

"the Treasury finds it profitable to maintain in the leading European cities agents to watch out for purchases of small articles of great value by Americans visiting abroad, and if the traveling American buys a tiara of diamonds or an expen-

THE RAILROAD INQUISITION

THE NAUGHTY BOY who must tell father how he spends his money before he can have any more appears on our national stage in the form of the railroads, who must show the Interstate Commerce Commission that their present financial methods are correct before they can add to their incomes by increasing freight rates. The railroad magnates declare, in the hearings in New York and Chicago, that the rise in rates is necessitated by the heavy increases in wages, while the shippers reply that the railway profits are ample to pay the increased wages, and the proposed advance in rates will be sheer extortion. "The advances proposed by these companies will cast a burden upon shippers and consumers aggregating \$50,000,000 annually," says Attorney Thorne, of the National Live Stock Association, and he believes this is "merely an entering wedge" for an ultimate advance of \$400,000,000 a year. So the counsel for the shippers are quizzing the magnates to see if some millions are not concealed in the mazes of railway finance that will show that the roads are rich enough without taxing the shippers further.

"We do not want to press the railroads too hard," said one of the shippers' counsel, as quoted in the *New York Journal of Commerce*—"It is a misconception of our position to suppose that we are out to draw blood. We were willing to arbitrate, but were not met in that spirit, and now we want and mean to get to the bottom of the whole thing." The counsel for the Eastern railroads have filed a statement with the Commission estimating the net increase in freight revenue under the proposed new rates as only \$27,031,445, while the increase in wages is \$34,756,519, thus leaving a net deficit of \$7,725,075, and they go into some details, showing how each road will be affected, some few favorably, but most of them unfavorably. In reply to this the shippers point to the notoriously prosperous condition



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CHAS. F. DALY,

Vice-President of the New York Central, who says that "the ultimate consumer always pays the freight, but in this case the advance in cost will be so small he will hardly feel it."

JOHN B. THAYER,

Third Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who says the "enormous increase in wages" convinced the roads that "there was nothing else to do" but to advance freight rates.

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LOUIS D. BRANDEIS,

Counsel for the Eastern shippers, who suspects that the increase in railroad earnings has offset the increase in wages, so that higher rates will be unwarranted.

OPPONENTS IN THE RAILROAD RATE DISPUTE.

of such roads as the Lehigh, Lackawanna, and Lake Shore, and at the hearing in Chicago Vice-President Gardner, of the Northwestern, admitted that in ten years his road has returned to its stockholders in direct dividends and in unappropriated surplus more than the amount of the capital stock. Yet he believes his road entitled to increased freight charges. Another witness in Chicago, Vice-President Pryor, of the Wabash, was asked if it were "not a fact that a large part of the increase in wages is due to an increase in the business of the road?" "It is," was the answer.

Two of the strongest witnesses for the railroads were Vice-President Thayer, of the Pennsylvania, and Vice-President Daly, of the New York Central. Mr. Thayer justified the rate-rise by saying:

"We are facing a situation where something has got to be done. We think a readjustment of through class rates should be made, in justice to all parties concerned, even if wages were not increased; but the increase in wages has created a situation which demands an increase in rates."

Mr. Daly not only defended the proposed advances, but added:

"I am frank to say that the rates which have been raised are not the only rates which ought to be raised or the only ones which we hope we shall be able to raise."

Mr. W. C. Maxwell, general traffic manager of the Wabash, said:

"We simply must have more money if we are going to live and go on serving the public. . . . A dollar comes in the morning and is gone by 2 P.M. It will take three-fourths of our increased revenue from freight to pay the increased wages. . . . We can't economize any more. After you have squeezed the lemon two or three times, and then given it another squeeze for luck, there is not another drop left. . . . There is one constant attack to take away our revenue, and never a State rate reduction that does not carry an interstate rate with it."

A new kind of railway regulation, "not in accord with the present law," is being attempted in this attempt of the shippers to supervise railway finance, thinks the *New York Times*; and *The Globe* believes the figures already furnished show that "great injustice has been done to the railways," and if it is true that the new rates merely balance the advance in wages, "one is astonished, not at their rapacity, but at their moderation." It is beginning to appear, thinks *The Wall Street Journal*, "that they are receiving an unjustly small compensation for part of the service they render."

The Manufacturers' Record (Baltimore) makes this argument for the roads:

"Could not the railroads be permitted a reasonable advance in rates with much better results to the public than would follow a reduction? That is a question which the public should seriously consider, for the prosperity of the railroads and of all business interests are so interwoven that the one can not possibly suffer without equal suffering by the other. Some way must be found to enable the railroads to spend money more freely for improvements—not for the sake of the railroads, except as they are factors in the country's development, but the welfare of the public. It is a condition, not a theory, we face. Without increased railroad-building there will come a decrease in business and an increase in the number of people seeking employment. But without the ability to secure the vast sums needed for expansion and for new railroad work, railroad-building will be an impossibility. . . ."

"No man need think that he is not concerned about the matter because he is not directly connected with railroads or with heavy shipments over railroads. The railroad situation touches every phase of business life. Its progress or its stagnation means progress or stagnation on the farm, in the factory, and in the retail shop as well as in the wholesale. The farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer, the clerk, the professional man, are all alike equally interested in finding a solution. It matters not how black may have been the pot and the kettle—the railroad and the public-recriminations are useless now. They must get together, or all will alike suffer."

The other side is stated thus by *The Farmers' and Drovers' Journal* (Chicago):

"From the shipper's viewpoint railroads have no reasonable grounds to ask for increased traffic rates other than inordinate cupidity to make extortionate profits. The great transportation corporations can neither plead a decline of business, a shrinkage of capital, nor contraction of net earnings as a contention for enlarged net profits. The railroads are not poor nor is the volume of either freight or passenger traffic decreasing, that they should demand larger earning capacity.

"Freight rates vitally interest the public, as all carrying charges of merchandise and farm products are ultimately paid by consumers, and increased traffic rates only intensify the already abnormally high cost of living. . . .

"Progress does not mean retrogression, and supervision of railroad freight schedules is necessary to protect shippers from extortion, discrimination, and fraudulent rebates, which give the larger shipper an unjust advantage over his small competitor."

CHICAGO'S CENSUS SORROWS

"NEW YORK is one million too high, Chicago is half a million too low," protests President Givins of Chicago's disappointed Three Million Club, as the official census figures are announced giving his city a population of but a paltry 2,185,283. And City Statistician Francis A. Eastman is still convinced that Uncle Sam's enumerators missed a great many Chicagoans, for he insists that the actual population of the city is a trifle over 2,450,000. The *Chicago Tribune* quotes statements from representative business men, some of whom protest, some offer excuses, and some are evidently resigned to an increase of but 28.7 per cent. Yet this paper sums up as follows the consolations which the patriotic people of the Western metropolis have in this hour of disappointment:

"Chicago has not increased one inch in area during the last ten years

"The suburbs, composed of people who work in Chicago, are, geographically and mentally, part of Chicago. They have grown tremendously.

"The bank clearings have increased far more than 28.7 per cent. in the decade.

"The commerce of the city has doubled or more than doubled in the decade.

"The rate of increase is greater than in the case of the cities which rank third, fourth, and fifth in the country, these being Philadelphia, 19.7 per cent.; Boston, 19.6 per cent.; and St. Louis, 19.4 per cent.

"Chicago has left Philadelphia, the metropolis of the nation before there was any Chicago, 636,275 behind her.

"The two-million mark has been passed."

After all, "when it comes to a legitimate comparison of business done, there is only one 'first' city in the country, and that's Chicago," exclaims *The Tribune*, and it cites as evidence the fact that in August the business of the Chicago post-office overtopped that of the New York post-office by \$55,000. To this the New York papers reply that the New York City post-office includes only the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, the other three boroughs having separate offices, whose separate business must be added to make the total for the greater city.

That Chicago has added 486,000 to its population in ten years indicates a strong and healthy growth, and "if there is disappointment," *The Record-Herald* attributes it to one of two reasons—"first, the absurdly exaggerated local estimates, and, second, the larger percentage of increase [38.7] that is credited to New York." "Let us be content," says this paper, and herewith *The News* agrees, "for is not the metropolis by Lake Michigan the fourth city of the world, now ranking next to London, New York, and Paris?" *The News* finds no fault with the official count, which has even "outrun the driving force of the community as exprest in public works." To quote further:

"The coming decade must see the construction of adequate harbor facilities, deep waterway development to send traffic by water to the Gulf of Mexico, the building of a subway system to bind all parts of the city closely together, the opening of broad thoroughfares across the river to facilitate free movement of all manner of vehicles. To get these and similar improvements to increase Chicago's greatness in due proportion to its population enlightened and progressive local and State government is an absolute necessity."

The New York *Globe* extends its sympathy to the Western city, whose census returns, so "sorely, grievously, abysmally disappointing," are almost "enough to shake Chicago's belief in her manifest destiny—namely, that Chicago is to be the biggest city in the world, bigger than New York, bigger than London." More words of cheer come from the New York *World*: "A secure place next to New York in the American list and probable rank just after Paris in the world comparison is a splendid achievement in thirty years for the little city by the lake, with its half-million souls in 1880."

An idea of Chicago's marvelously rapid growth since its first census was taken may be had from these figures printed in the *Chicago Tribune*:

Year.	Population.	Increase in Decade.	Per cent. Increase in Decade.	Rank Among American Cities
1840.....	4,470	54
1850.....	29,263	25,493	570.3	18
1860.....	109,260	79,297	264.6	8
1870.....	298,977	189,717	173.6	4
1880.....	503,185	204,208	68.3	3
1890.....	1,099,850	596,665	118.6	2
1900.....	1,698,575	598,725	54.5	2
1910.....	2,185,283	486,708	28.7	2

Conceding Chicago's primacy in the great valley of the Middle West, her enterprise, her wealth, her high rank among the cities of the nation and of the world, nevertheless the *Philadelphia Press* and the *Boston Transcript* see in the figures of the 1910 census proof that the American metropolis of the future is to stand on Manhattan Island, not on the shore of Lake Michigan. New York, we are told, is henceforth to occupy an increasingly large place in the life of the nation—indeed, concludes *The Press*, she is already "so far ahead of all possible competitors that the only question which her growth still leaves debatable is at which period will she secure the rank of the largest city in the world."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Down in Maine—The Republican Party.—*Boston Transcript*.

If Lorimer wants reading that will console him we advise the New York *Evening Post*.—*Syracuse Post-Standard*.

Looks as if the Maine game laws omitted to provide a closed season for the Payne-Aldrich tariff.—*Wall Street Journal*.

According to all we can gather from fiction the inhabitants of Maine are a hardy race who can easily stand a Democratic administration once in thirty years.—*Chicago News*.

BRITISH newspapers call Roosevelt an American Moses because he may lead the people out of the trust jungle and not because he discovered the ten commandments.—*Chicago News*.

VOICE from the wreck: "I'm still Hale, but not hearty."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

AND Lorimer probably had paid for his banquet ticket in advance, too.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil*.

SKELETONS of horned men have been found in California. Some prehistoric insurgents likely.—*Utica Observer*.

CHICAGO has less than half the population of New York, but she carries none of it in horse cars.—*Wall Street Journal*.

CHICAGO's population has fallen one hundred thousand short of the estimate and folks out that way can't understand it. Probably forget about those fast trains to New York.—*New York Herald*.



A GREAT LABOR WAR ON IN ENGLAND

THE FAILURE of trade-unionism to solve the labor problem is seen by many British editorial observers in the great lockout in the Tyne and Clyde shipyards. Some 50,000 men are locked out by the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation, and this number is thought likely to be swollen to 150,000. The whole labor question in the country is being reduced to a condition of chaos. *The Morning Post* (London) thinks that labor difficulties have brought England "to the brink of a disaster difficult to parallel in industrial history," for the three great industries of the nation, coal, cotton, and shipbuilding, are at this moment involved in a conflict with the Central Committee of the Trade-Union, and strike is following after strike. At one time the trade-unions made a collective bargain with the employers, and it was expected that this treaty would mark the end of England's great labor wars, but it seems the men have grown restless and in various instances have taken affairs into their own hands, so the bargain has proved a failure. In a letter published over the signature of the general secretary of the union we read:

"The lockout is directly attributable to small bodies of our own members taking the law into their own hands and acting contrary to the advice of all the officials of the union, both local and national."

This is exactly in harmony with the manifesto issued by the executive committee of the Employers' Federation, in which they urge that they were merely striking against strikers, and driven to extremes by the fact that the execution of large contracts was actually hindered by the sectional strikers, such as riveters. They conclude their manifesto as follows:

"A condition of affairs thus exists that can not continue. The National Agreement has been collectively accepted by the societies on behalf of the men. It must also be respected and observed by the individual workmen, or become practically a dead letter. The Federation regret a dispute which must unfortunately affect many of the members of the other trades who are parties to the agreement. The necessity for taking drastic action has been forced upon the Federation. There can be no resumption of work until a better state of affairs is assured."

The absolute powerlessness of the trade-union to retain the loyalty of its members is considered palpable. In the labor army men desert the standard as they choose, and can not be controlled by the executive committee, says the *London Times*, which adds:

"When men are determined to throw down their tools and

walk out, nothing will prevent them. Expulsion from the union, even if it could be legally exercised, which is doubtful, would not hold back the younger men; they would laugh at it. The society is truly in a quandary. The absence of control revealed in the story told by the Employers' Federation is complete, and will probably cause astonishment among those who have not been watching the trade-union movement closely. We are not disposed to lay particular blame on the officials of this society, and may even commiserate with them upon having been singled out for an example. Their case is conspicuous, but it is representative of a general movement. The unions have been losing control of their members now for several years."

"We still think," says *The Westminster Gazette* (London), "that the difficulty might have been met in some way less dangerous to national interests than by a lockout on a gigantic scale." The "national interests" refers to the completion of ships for the Admiralty. "The employers can not possibly guarantee a date for the completion of the boats," laments *The Standard* (London), for "the trade-unions have been seriously weakened," their members "have virtually repudiated their leaders, and do not regard any agreement as binding." These statements represent the general tone of the London press of all parties. The violators of labor agreements have not the sympathy even of *Justice* (London), an extreme Socialist organ which, while disapproving hasty entrance into agreements on the part of workingmen, condemns the sporadic strikes which result from their violation. On this point *Justice* remarks:

"As Social Democrats, we naturally would deprecate these local and irresponsible strikes. There must be solidarity among the workers. The unions, democratically constituted, must, in order to be effective, be able to control their members. The trade-union officials, democratically elected, must be able to command the respect and confidence of those who elect them. If the officials are stale and old and reactionary, and lack the confidence of the members, then new ones should be put in their places."

"To enter upon these strikes without the sanction of the union tends only to create disunion, confusion, and ultimately bring about absolute failure. It is very difficult, however, to lay down anything like hard-and-fast rules. Therefore, the workers should be wary of entering into any agreements that tie their hands, paralyze their efforts, and leave them thus manacled and stricken an easy prey for the masters."

The *London Spectator* echoes the opinion of the *London Times* in attributing all the alleged lawlessness and want of principle shown by striking workmen and the gradual undermining of honest trade-unionism to the influence of Socialism, and we are told:

"All over the country there appears at the present moment



A WOMAN BLACKSMITH AT CRADLEY HEATH.

An important part of the chain-making industry at Cradley Heath is carried on entirely by women, who work at forges set up in their own houses, says the *London Graphic*, about a thousand being thus employed, earning a bare pittance of \$1 to \$1.25 a week. The industry is one of those scheduled under the Trade Boards Act, 1909, and for the last seven months a Trade Board has been sitting to consider the question of wages. This Board has recently come to a decision involving substantial increases in wages, but, unfortunately, the new rates will not come into force for another six months if an employer can induce his workers to agree to the old prices. About 500 women have refused to sign agreements, and are now locked out in consequence.



WITHOUT SAIL OR STEAM.

The forerunner of the smokeless dreadnought, a 100-foot, 23.5-knot British torpedo-boat, fitted with internal-combustion engines.

to be a condition of unrest among the wage-earning classes which may seriously imperil the whole trade-union organization. What causes this unrest? It may conceivably be due to the Socialist propaganda. The essence of that propaganda is preaching the doctrine of discontent. Old trade-unionists have constantly urged that the end to be aimed at is more friendly relationship between masters and men. The Socialists, on the contrary, teach that a capitalist is an enemy with whom there should be no parleying and for whom there should be no quarter."

The Socialists laugh at trade-unionism as an antiquated and inadequate instrument of conciliation. Hence this lockout which is practically a deadlock. The Socialists, according to *The Spectator*, are the marplots of the game:

"They have encouraged the idea that trade-unionism on the old lines is a played-out farce and that wage-earners must look exclusively to political action to improve their position. A combination of these two doctrines may easily produce a feeling that workmen ought to display their strength at every possible opportunity and that it does not much matter if trade-unionism is thereby destroyed."

THE NEW SMOKELESS DREADNOUGHT

BOTH FROM England and Germany comes the news that a new style of internal-combustion monitor is being projected both in the dockyards of Plymouth and of Kiel. *The Evening News* (Plymouth) is our authority for announcing that a ship is being built which will send all others to the scrap-heap. *The Evening News* is generally looked upon as exceedingly well-informed on naval matters, as its composing-room is almost within earshot of the local Admiralty offices. We hear from Paris that a practical man like Charles R. Flint quite believes this report, and says positively:

"The question was solved years ago for small units suitable to automobiles and motor-boats, but many difficulties prevented its extension to large groups, not the least being the heat evolved, with the consequent effects of expansion and contraction. I am convinced that these have now been overcome.

"In England and Germany the results will be revolutionary. An internal-combustion power plant weighing one-third as much as a steam plant will produce three times the power for the same weight of fuel. The weight and space thus saved can be utilized for heavier ordnance

and greater armor protection for the ships. It means also higher speed and a larger radius of action. Coaling-stations will lose their importance."

While the statements of the English paper referred to are quite vague, the Socialist organ of Berlin, *Vorwaerts*, is explicit in its description of the ship which is to supersede all other ships of war. As this journal is in touch with the large body of German workingmen with Socialistic leanings, there is *prima facie* evidence that the editor believes what he states as fact. We quote the description given by Mr. Bebel's paper of this new naval portent:

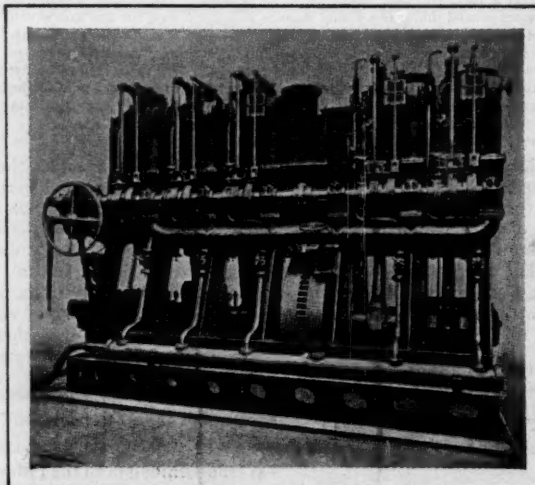
"The vessel will be 284 feet long, 45 feet beam, and will draw 22 feet of water. The deck will not project more than five feet above the surface of the ocean. The thickness of the armor and its distribution over the vulnerable parts of the hull and deck will bid defiance to any existing projectile and from land or naval artillery. Only one revolving turret is to be employed, and this will be stationed exactly amidships and will be armed with rapid-fire guns which will hurl shells at a speed distancing all modern artillery. The caliber of the new guns will be 12 inches, and they will throw shells over two tons and a half in weight. On a short mast round which the revolving turrets are swung is to be the captain's conning-tower.

"The four gas-engines with which the vessel is to be furnished will together be reckoned at 6,000 horse-power, and develop a speed of 27 knots. It is expected that the ship will not only outfight the largest existing war-ship, but will have a deck impregnable to the attack of air-ships."

It is natural enough that neither the English nor the German Government will publish the secrets of their dockyards, and we must perhaps take with a grain of salt the declaration of the authorities at Berlin as telegraphed to the *London Morning Chronicle* by its correspondent in the following terms:

"The *Vorwaerts* article on an alleged new type of cruiser is regarded here on all sides as arrant nonsense. In several journals closely connected with the Admiralty the story of the Socialist organ is described as imaginary and impossible. Most of the newspapers do not notice the matter, which is universally accepted as an absurd canard. No such ship is being built in the German yards."

The fact that many inventions were first laughed at, then approved, and finally put into practise inspires respect for the opinion of Mr. Flint that the difficulties attending the development of the gas-engine have



THE "RATTLE'S" GAS-ENGINES.

been overcome. Yet Sir Henry Omer, the head engineer of the British fleet, dismisses the idea as the emanation from the brain of some oversanguine inventor, and the Manchester *Guardian* remarks:

"Tactically, it will be seen that the new vessel is to be a happy combination of the dreadnought, the torpedo-destroyer, and the submarine. At the same time she is a return to the turret-ships of the eighties and the monitors of the sixties. Separately and in combination her various features seem to be all well within the bounds of impossibility, and our naval patriots may sleep in peace, for all the danger there is of her making a sudden appearance from the German shipyards and consigning our Navy to the scrap-heap. She is interesting, like the 'motor dreadnought,' as a morbid symptom—a sign of the nervous tension created in the public mind by our present unhealthy relations with Germany."

JAPAN'S INTEREST IN MR. ROOSEVELT

THE FIGURE of Theodore Roosevelt seems to loom greater and greater before the islanders of Nippon who watch it with mingled curiosity, admiration, and wonder. The rumor, still persistent in the Far East, that China has invited, or is going to invite, Mr. Roosevelt to become her adviser, has, of course, created a sensation in the Mikado's realm, and the Japanese are wondering, should the African hunter accept China's invitation, what he would advise the Celestial ruler to do to them! Another interesting report has lately appeared in the Tokyo *Asahi*, this time accrediting Mr. Roosevelt with the desire to undertake a tiger-hunt in Northern Korea. How this rumor originated is not made clear; and the paper says that an inquiry at the American Embassy at Tokyo failed to verify the report. But several Tokyo dailies take occasion to assure Mr. Roosevelt that if the rumor is true—and they all hoped it is—no nation will be more enthusiastic in wel-



THE HIGH-FLIER'S RETURN.

THE KAISER-BIRD (reentering cage)—"It's all right: I'm going back of my own accord. But—(aside)—I got pretty near the sky that time. Haven't had such a day out for two years!"

—Punch (London).

coming the ex-President than the Japanese. The *Yorodzu* (Tokyo) goes so far as to say that Japan should ask Mr. Roosevelt to visit Korea and give his advice on her Korean policy, even as a docile pupil would listen to his teachers. This bit of effusive compliment may have been suggested by Mr. Roosevelt's Cairo speech, in which he upheld the British protectorate in Egypt and declared the Egyptians unqualified to regain independence.

Criticizing this suggestion of the *Yorodzu's*, the *Nichi-bei-shuho*, a Japanese weekly in New York, bids the Japanese remember that Mr. Roosevelt is not the kind of man to shrink, under any circumstance and on any occasion, from saying exactly what he thinks should be said, and adds:

"Would the people at home be broad-minded enough to listen to Mr. Roosevelt, when his words prove too bitter to swallow, with the same respect and courtesy that they entertain toward him at present? They seem delighted with his Cairo speech, thinking that the idea propounded in that address can be applied in favor of Japan to the Korean situation of to-day. But who knows but the lion-hunter may find something wrong with our administration in Korea, and say something that may make us jump as if a bomb exploded under our feet? If our folks at home are really anxious to see Mr. Roosevelt in Korea, they must be prepared to be open-minded, gracious, and polite, no matter how bitter his words."

The same weekly calls attention to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt has been a most consistent friend of Japan so far as the Korean question is concerned. It was Mr. Roosevelt, we are told, who ordered, in recognition of the Japanese protectorate, the withdrawal of the American legation from Seoul even before other Powers took a similar step, who declined to receive the Korean Emperor's appeal for help, and who told the American missionaries in Korea to abstain from criticizing Japanese rule in the peninsula.

A recent issue of *Nippon-oyobi-Nipponjin* (Japan and the Japanese), a Tokyo semi-monthly, has an editorial comparing Mr. Roosevelt with the Kaiser. "Roosevelt and Kaiser



ALWAYS ON HIS MIND.

—Fischietto (Turin).



GERMANY—"Isn't this a fine little fellow?"
CLIO, THE MUSE OF HISTORY—"I have no time for trash. I write history."
—Fisch (Vienna).

THE KAISER AS SEEN BY ENVOIOUS NEIGHBORS.

William," it says, "are a duet of the most picturesque, interesting characters now living." As to the ex-President's advocacy of international peace, this journal makes these extraordinary remarks:

"We do not doubt Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity in advocating peace among nations. But that is his ideal, and ideal and practical world-politics are two different things. We are inclined to think that Mr. Roosevelt intends to take practical measures toward the realization of universal peace after he has succeeded, through a great conflict or two, in raising his country into the position of the most powerful nation on earth."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

OUR RIGHT TO FORTIFY THE CANAL

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S speech at Omaha in which he predicts that the honor of the United States will be sacrificed if the Panama Canal is not fortified by our Government, has naturally raised a question which is being discussed abroad with some excitement. The views of the speaker have subsequently been indorsed in the strongest way by President Taft, who announces that in his message to Congress in December he will recommend the appropriation of \$2,000,000 to begin the work of fortification. The position of the United States with regard to the Canal on this point is of course defined in two treaties, the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901 and the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty of 1903-04. The former was based on the Suez Canal Treaty between England and Egypt, and the Senate is said to have passed the Hay-Pauncefote agreement mainly because it omitted the seventh article of the Suez agreement, to the effect that "No fortifications shall be erected commanding the Canal or the waters adjacent." It is claimed that the omission of this prohibition amounted to a permission. But the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty actually provides for the fortification of the Canal in its twenty-third article, which declares that "the United States shall have the right, at all times and in its discretion, to use its police, and its land and naval forces, or to establish fortifications, to protect the Canal" and its auxiliary works.

The English papers are seriously contemplating the ex-President's proposal. Some, like *The Westminster Gazette* (London), which did not take the trouble to read up the facts, are indignant. It is odd to see this paper referring to the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty of 1850, which had been superseded by the two subsequent treaties of 1901 and 1904, as deciding the question on which it becomes almost hysterical, and declares that "Mr. Roosevelt's proposals are a direct rejection" of the neutrality guaranteed to Great Britain, "and would mean the tearing-up of that agreement." Wiser counsels prevail elsewhere in the London press, and *The Tablet* (London) answers *The Westminster Gazette* in the following guarded terms:

"Mr. Roosevelt's argument for fortification is that the States have a duty to the world to keep it neutral, and therefore to protect it they must fortify it. What he really means is that the Canal is an essential part of the naval strategy of the New Imperialism, and the Canal must be fortified to enable the States to hold it for their own use in time of war. His declaration, in which he did but voice the views of the Administration, has aroused some criticism in the English press. We are clear

fortification is not consistent with the neutrality of the Canal, and is a reactionary policy. But it is a mistake to denounce it as a breach of faith toward this country."

Fortunately we have the interpretation of the treaty of 1903 given by Mr. Philippe Bunau-Varilla himself, who was the representative of the Republic of Panama during the negotiations of 1903. In a letter to the *Journal des Débats* (Paris) he states his views at length, which we thus summarize:

The Treaty of 1903 contains no reference whatever to the right of the United States to erect "permanent fortifications" of any kind. The whole aim of Messrs. Hay and Bunau-Varilla was to complete a work for the benefit of humanity at large. With this view they made "the generous and altruistic provisions" which were anticipated in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. These included the neutrality of the Canal, and the absolute equality of all nations with regard to canal dues, and the right use of the Canal. The employment of fortifications to protect the Canal was intended as a safeguard against filibusters, local insurrections, and wars with neighboring countries. "If the United States decide to fortify the Canal, they will do so in their independence and liberty as a great military Power, and not by virtue of a formal concession granted them by treaty."

Thus Mr. Bunau-Varilla would make the fortification of the Isthmus merely an active application of the Monroe Doctrine. The *London Times* sums up the situation with calm and judicial impartiality as follows:

"There is no political question directly involved in the Canal which is not covered by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901 and the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty of 1904, except perhaps one. Mr. Roosevelt raised it with characteristic directness at Omaha, when he declared the United States 'in honor bound' to fortify the Canal themselves. This view of the matter is substantially shared, as our Washington correspondent has informed us, by the Administration, which holds that the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty gave the United States the right to fortify. The right is not conceded in so many words; but, according to the view of the Administration, it is implied, since the treaty, while modeling itself by name upon the Suez Canal Convention of 1888, omitted the clause which prohibits the fortification of the Suez Canal."

The Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty gives the right to fortify, and it was not objected to by the Foreign Office in London, adds this writer. To quote further:

"The United States definitely asserted the right to erect fortifications in the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty, against which Great Britain entered no protest. There is no question, we are sure, that the British Government will wish in this, as in all other international affairs, to see eye to eye with the Government of the United States; but it is not one which can be prejudged without consulting other Powers. Mr. Roosevelt makes a very natural argument when he says that only by fortifying the Canal can the United States 'effectively guarantee its neutrality,' and, moreover, 'effectually guarantee that it will not be used against the United States.' But other Powers may urge that their strategic situation will also be considerably affected by the Canal, and they may argue that the guaranteeing of its neutrality should not be the care of a single Power. Mr. Roosevelt will, no doubt, recognize that his argument, while powerful for the purpose he had in view, is not without another edge."

That "other edge" is the fact that for the United States single-handed to undertake to secure the neutrality of the Canal is a rather big contract.



WISE UNCLE.

Uncle Sam is willing to keep the open door in China, i.e., open to himself.
—Mucha (Warsaw).



IS OUR EDUCATION PARASITIC?

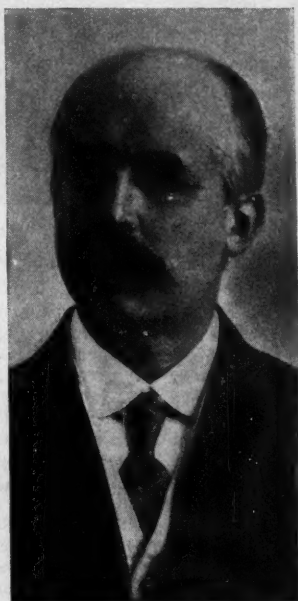
THAT THE brain when schooled by a so-called "liberal" and largely classical education is in many respects an organ without function, skilled along definite lines, but unable to transfer that skill in directions where it would be really useful in life, is the contention of Dr. George E. Dawson, of Springfield, Mass., in an article on "Parasitic Culture" contributed to *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, September). In the opinion of the *New York Times* this article "is perhaps the best-founded and best-argued criticism which the believers in and advocates of the old-fashioned, unspecialized, classical, 'liberal' education have yet had to meet." Dr. Dawson's basal contention is that "a functionless organ is not tolerated by nature," and that the brain tends to become such an organ when educated in the manner that he condemns. An analogous case, he asserts, is that of the athlete's big heart and muscles, which he believes to be drawbacks rather than aids to the ordinary occupations of life. He says:

"The culture we get from gymnastic training and from the athletic field is really special in character, and is applicable mainly, or solely, to the types of physical activity that constitute the training. Hence the energy derived from such culture does not become available for the organism as a whole, but is limited to the special organs that have been trained; and unless these organs continue to perform the functions for which they were trained, they become useless and a detriment to the life. Functionless physical structures derived through the artificial exercises of any form of physical culture thus fall under the general biological law of atrophy, with all its attendant consequences of waste and disease. The only really economical form of physical culture, biologically speaking, is the culture derived through performing activities associated with the natural, that is to say, fundamental and long-established, functions of life. These are, in general, the spontaneous play-activities of childhood, and the productive work-activities of manhood and womanhood, each performed under normal conditions of stimulus and environment. Neither artificial gymnastics nor the feats of strength and skill performed under the stimulus of the prize-ring or athletic field come under these heads."

The same is true, Dr. Dawson contends; of intellectual culture. That which is derived through standardized branches of education, as mathematics and the classics, tends, he asserts, to become parasitic in the nervous and mental life and thus to cause waste of energy or even disease. To quote again, in substance:

"It has long been assumed, and is still generally assumed, that culture acquired through any given discipline becomes a general fund of energy or skill, transferable to other organs and functions. And yet there has never been any really critical evidence in support of such an assumption. We are now in a position to submit this question to the test of exact experiments. This has been done repeatedly within the last few years by experimental psychologists. A body of facts and inferences supplied by experimental psychology, the histology of the brain, and nervous and mental pathology point to the conclusion that so-called 'general culture' is not general but specific, that it affects organs and functions appropriate to the particular study pursued, and that to be of any adequate advantage to the life such organs and functions must continue the activity

through which they were developed. It is clear, for example, that those educators who will subject an adolescent girl to five or six years of severe training in higher mathematics, should be peremptorily challenged as to why they do it. They should be asked to show, in terms more specific and modern than most of the vague opinions one commonly hears about 'culture,' just how the fund of power that is supposed to be generated by mathematical study, is, in fact, generated; and how it becomes available throughout the girl's subsequent life. So, too, these same educators should be asked to give reason why they compel an adolescent boy to spend five or more years upon the study of Latin before they will accredit him as being educated."



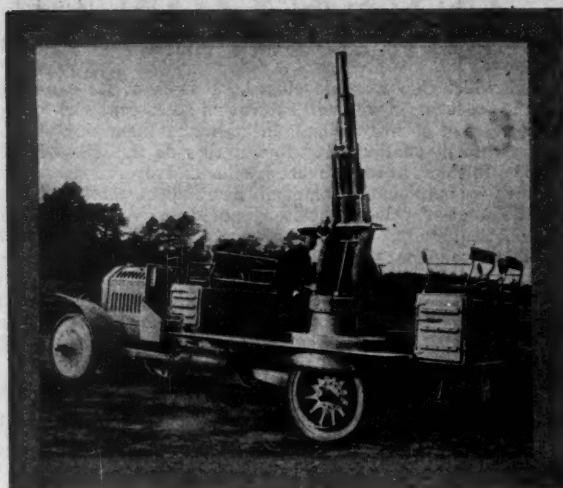
HE CHALLENGES OLD IDEAS IN EDUCATION.

Dr. George E. Dawson believes the artificial education of our schools and colleges is developing a "cultured proletariat," ill-balanced and inefficient.

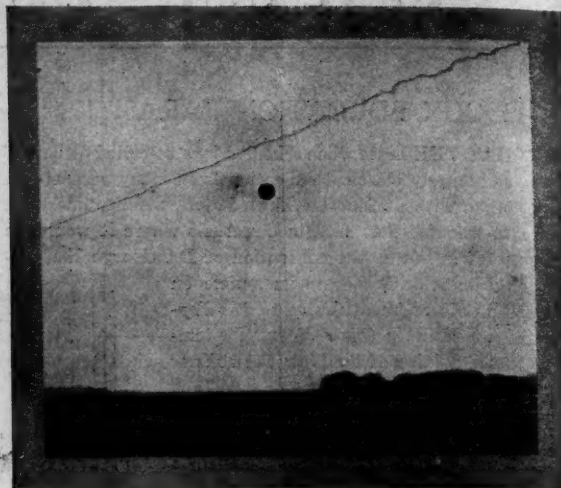
of mathematics give to the mind training that will be useful to it all along the line? Dr. Dawson says that it can not. How many educators will agree with him?

MAY LIFE PASS FROM PLANET TO PLANET?—The old theory of the passage of life from planet to planet, or perhaps even from one solar system to another, has recently been revived by Prof. Svante Arrhenius. His speculations are based on estimates of the speed at which particles of cosmic dust may travel, and on the proved powers of resistance to extreme cold posset by the spores of some forms of vegetable life. Says *Knowledge and Scientific News* (London, August):

"He points out that the possibility for living organisms to wander, by the aid of the radiation pressure, from the planet of one solar system to another belonging to another solar system, is conditioned by the low temperature of space. Low temperature can so strongly check and diminish the vital activity that life may be sustained for millions of years. . . . Paul and Prall took vegetative organisms (not spores) of staphylococci in the dried state. At ordinary temperature half of the bacteria perished within three days. But their vitality did not decrease noticeably when they were kept for four months at the temperature of liquid air. That (observes Arrhenius) is a very beautiful proof of the remarkable preserving influence of intense cold upon the germinal power. Thus altho, as far as we can judge, spontaneous generation is no longer possible on the earth, and probably even no longer possible under the similar conditions of previous ages, this phenomenon might conceivably take place elsewhere in the universe, under materially different physical and chemical conditions. From the spot or from the spots where spontaneous generation was possible, life



KRUPP GUN WITH MOTOR CARRIAGE FOR BALLOON-FIRE.



SMOKE-TRAIL OF A "FUMIGEN" SHELL FIRED OVER A BALLOON.

TO BRING DOWN HOSTILE SKY-PILOTS.

might have spread over to the rest of the habitable bodies of the universe. . . . A demurrer to this seductive theory was entered by M. Paul Becquerel in a paper read before the meeting of the Paris Académie des Sciences (July 4), in which he points out that the bactericidal effect of the ultraviolet rays from incandescent stars has been neglected by Professor Arrhenius. M. Becquerel recognizes that the combined effect of extreme dryness and of extreme cold considerably increases the powers of resistance to the destructive action of ultraviolet rays, but it does not make them invulnerable. He has exposed spores in a vacuum and under conditions of extreme cold to the action of ultraviolet light, and their life is completely destroyed in a few hours. This destructive action of the ultraviolet light would seem therefore to be universal. But if that is the case, then, seeing that the celestial spaces about our planet are ceaselessly traversed by light which is rich in ultraviolet radiations, there is a very large probability that all spores passing through these dangerous zones would be rapidly destroyed. Interplanetary space is sterilizing and sterilized."

A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE LAZINESS

THAT THE working force of an average factory, in its productive department, far exceeds the office force of the same establishment in efficiency, is charged by F. W. Brady in an article entitled "The Expense of Non-Producers," published in *The Iron Age* (New York). The productive workers have been trained to make the most of their time and they realize that a strict account is kept of their output, while the clerks in the office keep on with outworn and antiquated methods and are paid regardless of what they accomplish. In short, up-to-date methods are characteristic of the shop, but not of its office. He says:

"In the non-productive branches the majority of employees are salaried and their expense is fixt irrespective of the amount of labor they perform. Their output can not be weighed in avoirdupois and is not susceptible to the radical betterments we find possible in the shop."

"It is not uncommon to find in a large industry, in which the shops are being crowded to the limit of capacity, without a space for a breath between operations, more or less of the office force killing time in consequence of a poor subdivision of the work in hand, or a slip in the layout of the day's duties which the executive of the department has not anticipated and met.

"Again, the 'atmosphere' of the shop and that of the office are quite different. In the former every man has been trained from the first to be actually, or appear to be, engaged during every minute of the working day. The non-producer is inclined to view his service otherwise, and without any particular force

or inducement to push his work through, plods along at about 50 per cent. efficiency much of the time, or with pulsations of great vigor luring a 'rush,' with periods of idleness intervening."

"Improvements in organizations always involve some cost in addition to a close study of every phase of the situation. The workings of the forces should be under observation for a considerable period, and careful records made of any irregularities in the routine, just as we watch an engine performance or the output from a group of tools. All mechanical combinations operate at maximum efficiency when under a uniform load approximating that for which they are designed; especially does this apply to those which consume fuel or utilize energy from such combustion. Why is not the human structure similarly regarded, and the same principles applied throughout? . . . Business life indoors should not be influenced by the conditions of temperature without, humidity, depth of snow, protracted wet or dry spells, approaching holidays, or other causes which seem, in many instances, to be the pacemakers for daily activities. In the summer we find a high temperature an excuse for postponing all matters of importance, yet the one who suffers least from heat is he that is too busy to note it. A sharp thunder-storm will reduce efficiency in the average office to about 20 per cent. as a result of the customary methods therein, while during the same outburst the shop production maintains its average."

ANOTHER GYROSCOPE MONORAIL SYSTEM—For a type of railway that has never yet been put to practical commercial use, the gyroscope monorail seems to be doing pretty well. Besides the Brennan and Scherl systems, both of which have been described in these columns, there is now a third, the Schilowsky, based on the same principles, but carried out differently. A reduced model, according to *Le Génie Civil* (Paris, August 20) has recently been tested with success in London. Says this paper, as quoted in *Cosmos* (Paris, September 3):

"The system has but one balancing gyroscope, which is carried on a sort of bogie truck placed between two cars. The first car is a motor and carries a boiler furnishing steam to the engines that drive the car and to two others on the bogie, which together operate the gyroscope.

"The gyroscope, which is at one end of the bogie, is controlled directly by a small one-cylinder steam-engine running on a vertical axis in a frame carried by members turning about an axis perpendicular to the direction of the track. At the other extremity of the bogie is a heavy pendulum, swinging about a pivot parallel to the rail, and therefore hanging sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, according to the inclination of the car. Its movement causes, by means of a motor connected to another small steam-engine, a displacement of the gyroscope in the proper direction to maintain equilibrium."—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.



THE SHELL PIERCES THE BALLOON, EXPLODES, AND TEARS THE ENVELOP.

THE BALLOON FALLS,

TAKES FIRE,

REACHES THE GROUND, AND BURNS UP.

FIRING ON A BALLOON.

FIRING BIG GUNS AT BALLOONS

SOME TIME ago we described a piece of ordnance devised and manufactured by the Krupps for use particularly against military balloons. We now reproduce from *La Nature* (Paris, August 27) photographs of some tests of this weapon. The target in this case was a captive balloon, practically at rest. Even this was a difficult object to reach, and a moving air-ship would be a still harder nut to crack. The writer of the article thinks that a near-by or crippled balloon will be at the enemy's mercy, being quickly destroyed by his guns, but that an active dirigible at considerable height, or still more, a swiftly moving aeroplane, will be practically impossible to hit. We read:

"The balloon is movable, and it is very hard to realize its distance and height; the prospect of regulating aerial fire would appear at first sight very problematic. It is well known that artillerists regulate their terrestrial fire by approaching the object with successive shots that overreach and fall short. How shall we find whether a shot has fallen short or the contrary when the projectile is thrown into the air? Fire on balloons will almost always take place at great angles, and artillerists know that in such fire the aim is much more difficult than in fire at low angles. Besides this, there is one more unknown element.

"When the axis of the gun is slightly inclined to the horizon, the only elements that must be adjusted in taking aim are the inclination and direction of the gun. But when the fire is at high angles a third element comes in—the charge of powder. The charge necessary to reach a target situated at a known distance from the gun varies with the angle of fire. Of course a charge can be used that is always sufficient to reach the target. . . . This is to say that the ranges will always be long. How then shall the distance, always somewhat troublesome, be regulated?

"This is not all; it is not enough that a shell should reach the balloon (if a dirigible is in question) if it does not touch some vital part, say the motor or the screw. Even if it passes through the envelop it will not necessarily paralyze the air-ship. That the projectile may be effective, it must burst just after contact with the balloon; the envelop, torn in all directions, can then no longer hold the gas, and the balloon will come to the ground.

"Besides these technical difficulties, there are others that are tactical. How shall the dirigible be pursued? How shall the best position for firing be found? How will it be best to combine the action of several pieces of artillery, or of several batteries?

"It may be seen that artillery fire on balloons demands the solution of difficult problems. But the rapid progress of military aerial navigation requires their solution with little delay. A new weapon is born. Apparently the study of aerial artillery fire has been advanced most actively in Germany, but it has been pursued also in France, and we believe that at the ensuing army maneuvers an automobile gun-carriage, with special

ordnance, will be given the task of pursuing dirigibles and aeroplanes.

"The photographs presented herewith were taken during experiments made by the Krupps on small captive balloons. They will do service in showing how it may be possible to control the fire. The projectile was a 'fumigen' shell which leaves a record of its flight in the air as a smoke-trail and enables the spectator to see easily whether the projectile passes over or under the target, or to its right or left. The flame and smoke that render the trajectory visible have also the effect of setting fire to the balloon's envelop and bringing it to the ground.

"If the dirigible descends too near the enemy, or is surprised by him when maneuvering against wind or rain, it is certain that it will present a very vulnerable target. On the other hand, if it is able to regain a great altitude at the moment of danger, the efficiency of gun-fire against it would seem to be very problematic. The aeroplane, more flexible, less bulky, and less fragile than the dirigible, and making 40 to 50 miles an hour, will offer to hostile shots a still more difficult target, and may snap its fingers at any terrestrial gun, even when mounted on an automobile."—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE FARMER'S AUTOMOBILE

THE PURCHASE of large numbers of automobiles by farmers is declared by *The Iron Age* (New York) to be one of the most significant incidents of the year. The farmer's motor-car, says this paper, instead of being an expensive toy, like the city man's, is an economy—an investment bringing adequate and satisfactory return. To quote:

"To the average man in the city the automobile is merely a luxury, and a very expensive one. What he is obliged to pay simply for storage is a formidable item. Accidents on crowded streets are frequent and costly. Repair men are quick to take advantage of a customer who is unfamiliar with machinery. It is probably not unfair to say that there are now in use in the large cities more automobiles than there are people who can really afford the outlay for a mere luxury.

"In the country, however, the city man's toy becomes an economic investment, which brings satisfactory returns on its cost. The farmer's time is valuable. Nature allows him only a few days in which to harvest any particular crop, and his season is correspondingly short in planting and seeding. In a critical period, when conditions are most favorable for planting or harvesting, the time that the automobile saves in necessary errands makes it an economic agency of production. The mere saving of time, however, is only a small part of the usefulness of the automobile in the country. A few years ago there was much pessimistic talk about the tendency of farmers to 'retire' and live in small towns on the rent received from their land. The automobile is now keeping the owner on his land. His family, who wanted to live in town for social advantages, has discovered that it is more satisfactory to enjoy the full income of the farm and own an automobile which can run to the city in the time that would be spent in walking a few blocks

than to pay rent and other expenses of living in town. The rural mail delivery, the telephone, and the automobile give to the family in the country, owning a good farm, the command of social advantages that are enjoyed by only a few of the people who live in cities. The field of trade that has thus been opened to the automobile manufacturer is almost unlimited.

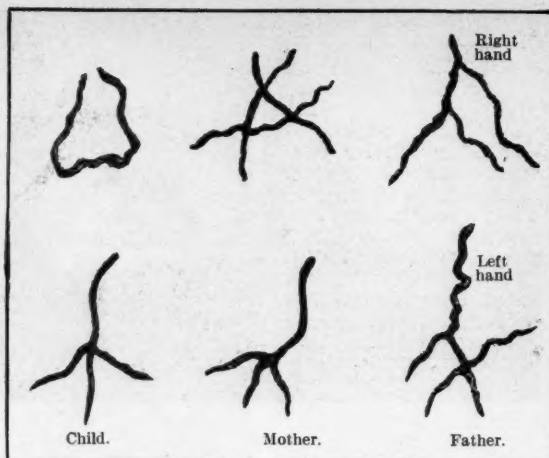
"The remarkable success of the automobile-makers in selling their product to the farmers may suggest an opportunity to manufacturers in many other lines who have overlooked the possibilities of agricultural trade. The American farmer of to-day is not the man of even twenty-five years ago. In the period that followed the Civil War, until about 1890, the area under cultivation increased more rapidly than population in the United States. Overproduction during this period caused a disastrous decline in prices, which was accelerated by a large expansion of wheat-growing in Russia, Argentina, and India. Since 1890 population in the United States has increased faster than the area under the plow, and during the past fifteen years the farmer has profited by an almost continuous advance in the average of agricultural prices. The demand for farm products is increasing more rapidly than the supply, and the farmer will profit more and more from this condition in years to come. Farmers who have paid cash for automobiles this year may have needed credit on a \$15 road-cart twenty years ago, and they will be equally liberal in the future in patronizing manufacturers or merchants who can offer them substantial value for their money."

WHAT VINEGAR IS AND IS NOT

MANY people, no doubt, who use vinegar daily do not know exactly what vinegar is, or should be, and are injuring their digestive tissues with injurious substitutes when they might easily make the pure article at home. Vinegar is a good deal more beside dilute acetic acid, according to an article quoted by *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York) from *The Journal of Agriculture*. The acetic acid is of course a necessary component, but it is not this that constitutes the vinegar. Says the writer:

"Vinegar is a condiment of daily use not always offered for sale commercially in a state in which it can be consumed with impunity. This can be understood when it is general to call by the name of vinegar all liquids obtained by the acetification of alcoholic beverages, such as wine, beer, and cider, or the transformation of their alcohol into acetic acid. But if this organic acid is the essential basis of vinegar, it does not follow that a simple dilution of acetic acid with water would be vinegar.

"Vinegar is a substance endowed with hygienic properties dependent upon the composition of the liquid from which it was formed. In addition to acetic acid, there should be organic and inorganic salts, ethers which give the bouquet, glycerin, a small proportion of alcohol, in reality all the elements which constitute the original liquid. It is to the general effect of this combination that the properties of vinegar are due. We speak here of true vinegar, of which wine vinegar is the type, and which is becoming, it must be regretfully noticed, more and more rare. Actually it is through perfected systems of aceti-



Courtesy of "The Scientific American."

FIG. 1.—VEIN PATTERNS OF A CHILD AND ITS PARENTS.

anywhere. On the farm, in the town and cities, every household should make its own vinegar."

IDENTIFICATION BY VEIN-PATTERNS

A NEW method of identification, based on the pattern of the veins on the back of the hand, has been invented and developed by Professor Tamassia, of the University of Padua, Italy. This process, tho resembling in principle the well-known "finger-print" system of Francis Galton, now generally used in connection with the Bertillon system of measurements, is said to be simpler and more effective. We quote from a description by Professors Ciprian Kolb and Leo Gresz, translated from *Umschau* for *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York, September 3):

"A superficial observer would assume this pattern to be essentially the same in all persons, or at least in all members of the same family, and both Lusanna and Capon assert, in their writings, that it is inherited from father to son. Tamassia finds, on the contrary, that the arrangement of the veins in the back of the hand is so characteristic of the individual that it is not the same in any two persons, and therefore constitutes the

best known means of identification. He supports this assertion by the results of Capon's own observations. Capon found only 12 cases of resemblance among 72 vein-patterns, and even in these cases the resemblance was less striking, even on superficial observation, than the divergence. Capon's drawings of the vein-patterns of a child and its parents are reproduced in Fig. 1. Comparing the three left hands (the lower figures) we see that the veins of the child resemble the mother's, but are entirely different from those of the father. Of the



Courtesy of "The Scientific American."

FIGS. 2 AND 3.—VEINS OF THE RIGHT AND LEFT HANDS OF THE SAME PERSON.

(the upper figures) no two resemble each other. These drawings show, also, that the vein-patterns of the right and left hands of the same person may be strikingly different.

"It happens not infrequently that the vein-patterns of the right hands of two persons are almost identical, but this close resemblance is never observed in both hands of two persons. Hence the vein-patterns of the two hands assist each other in the identification. It is this almost incredible diversity in the arrangement of the veins of the back of the hands that gives Tamassia's method its great value in the work of the police."

Tamassia recognizes six classes of vein-patterns of the back of the hand. In the first, one large vein follows a curved or

serpentine course with only a few branch veins; in the second, the pattern suggests a tree or shrub; in the third, one large vein and several smaller ones form a network; in the fourth, two large veins form a V; in the fifth, there are two V's, connected at the points; in the sixth, characteristics of the other groups are combined. We read further:

"In the identification of persons by Tamassia's method, it is essential to employ very clear and accurate photographs or drawings. In order to obtain sharp photographs of the vein-pattern of the back of the hand, the arm must be left pendent, and slightly bent, during a few minutes. If, in addition, the wrist is banded and the veins are marked with a dark pigment the veins will show very conspicuously in the photograph (Figs. 2 and 3).

"Hence Tamassia's process presents no great difficulties and its simplicity is one of its special advantages. The arrangement and general appearance of the veins of the back of the hand undergo no change with increasing age and they can not be altered purposely without inflicting serious mutilation."

OUTDOOR SCHOOLS

ONE of the most recent manifestations of what may be called the "outdoor movement" is the outdoor school, which seems rapidly to be growing in favor as a method not only of improving the health of children subjected to injurious home conditions, but also of maintaining the health of normal pupils. Says a writer in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich., September):

"Under careful medical inspection it has been found that the percentage of physically weak children who are either unable to attend school at all or to compete with the average normal child is alarmingly large. This has led educators in Germany and England, and to some extent in America, to experiment with schools held out of doors, or in protected enclosures where fresh air is abundant as a measure whereby to combat the tendency to disease and secure for this class of pupils better educational results.

"Fresh air is one of the first essentials for health, and in these days of practically airtight walls there is little opportunity to get all that is needed except out of doors.

"When a child stays indoors from dusk to morning and during the school period there is remaining but a mere fragment of the twenty-four hours in which to gather in this element in its freshness, even if he is fortunate enough to have an out-of-door playground. With a need so imperative and the provision therefor so generally meager it is no wonder that the first three-months' session of an open-air school in Germany attended by 100 debilitated children showed remarkable physical results—23 per cent.



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Survey."

FROM THE SCHOOL OF OPEN WINDOWS.

Bright eyes and plump cheeks, fed on fresh air. The tuberculous or sickly children who attend the outdoor schools "are, after a few weeks in the open air, in better physical condition than many children in the public schools," and "usually have a healthy color, while many school-children appear pale and weak."

seem best to remove from a child's environment anything which lowers the vitality of the body and handicaps nature . . . particularly during school hours. . . .

"Outdoor schools are an experiment of only two or three years' standing, but already they have shown that the children who attend them, altho tuberculous, are, after a few weeks in the open air, in better physical condition than many children in the public schools. This is shown by their appearance, by a comparison of weights, and by other tests. The children of the outdoor schools usually have a healthy color, while many school-children appear pale and weak.

"One cause for the anemic condition of school-children is the warm, dry air of the schoolroom, which lowers their vitality.

"Bad air kills interest in work and gives such diseases as grippe, pneumonia, and tuberculosis a chance to overcome the natural resistance of the body. Children have to spend three to six hours a day in the classroom, breathing air that may be laden with germs; for the ventilation of a school-building is seldom good."



WINDOWS WIDE OPEN IN JANUARY.

At the Graham School in Chicago.

being cured and 45 per cent. improved. A second experiment of a similar character gave still higher percentages of cures and improvements."

The following forcible reasons in favor of open-air schools are then quoted from an article in *The Survey* (New York) by Dr. Thomas Spees Carrington, who writes:

"The school-children of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow. There is at present a strong movement to discover and prevent physical defects among them, and one of the most insidious causes of deformities and ill-health is tuberculosis in its many forms. Children seem more susceptible to it than adults. It often attacks their glands, bones, and heart and lungs. It would

Schools of this kind now exist in many of our larger cities and in some small towns, and they seem to have justified their existence in all cases. Where the children come from tuberculous parents and live in crowded quarters, the improvement in their physical condition from outdoor schools is marked. The results—physical, mental, educational, moral, and disciplinary—have all been good. Resistance to infectious colds and influenza is increased, and eyes and voices improve. The writer, however, urges that normal children, as well as sickly ones, be given the benefit of these invigorating methods. A mother in New Jersey writes to the New York

Sun that she recently visited her boy's school and found the windows shut and the air stifling. The same town is building an open-air school for weak children! The mother suggests that they should build it large, as the regular school will supply plenty of weak children under the conditions she discovered.



THE FRIENDSHIP OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION

THE "conflict of science and religion," a phrase that was common in the last century, is now rewritten into "the friendship of science and religion." This is the statement of the relation between the two fields of human interest, given the other day by the Archbishop of York, in an address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science which has been in session at Sheffield. The middle of the nineteenth century was marked by the constant collision of scientists and theologians, he calls to mind, adding, with ingratiating humor, that there are many "who will remember the warfare of words so long waged between scientists who had a taste for literature and theologians who had a vigilant but suspicious interest in science." Both sides, he declares, as quoted in the London papers, were "full of the aggressiveness of self-confidence." "Theology, unprepared for the new views of the world which were opened out, tended to behave as older men are wont to do in the presence of militant and self-confident youth—to be resentful and dogmatic." He goes on to analyze the change that recent years have brought about:

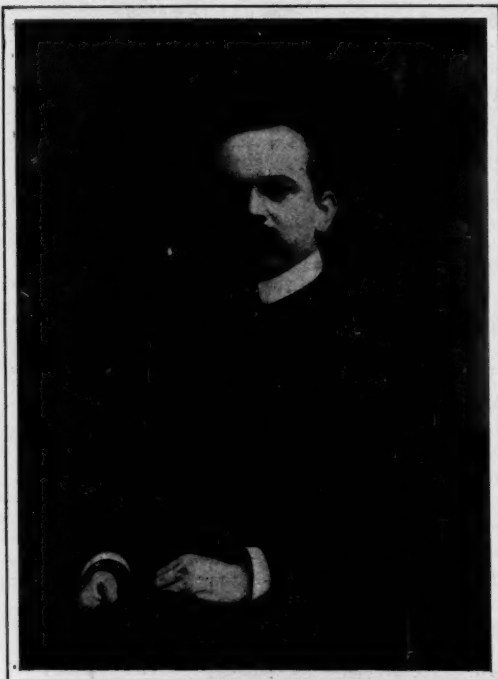
"Another spirit has been working. There are still, no doubt, in the popular press and on the popular platform echoes of the old disputes. Still, those who may be called the camp-followers of science and religion are apt to break out into quarrels. But the highest and best men on either side are conscious that there is a call for truce, a truce of God, a time to adjust misunderstandings, to retreat from rash and hasty claims, to think out their own position more clearly, and to understand with greater sympathy the positions of those who seem to differ from them. On the one hand, science seems to have become aware of its necessary limitations. In its own several departments it is compelled to limit its outlook. It must never be deterred in the pursuit of truth by the thought of consequences which in some other region may be involved. This is the very condition of its success. But it must not, as once it tended to do take the further step of declaring that there is nothing outside its own limitations, that the postulates and methods which are appropriate and indeed necessary to its own inquiries are the only measure of all truth and reality.

"This danger of making a necessary method of working an exclusive test of truth is one which science is learning to recognize and avoid even within its own domain. It is more conscious than it was of the gaps still unbridged, of the mysteries still unexplained. It has come to a stage in which it is rather occupied with patience and faith in testing its own hypotheses than in proclaiming that they give a full and final explanation of man and things. Science is more impressed by the consciousness of the mystery which still enfolds the ultimate causes and constituents of the material world and the origin of life, the meaning of the movements of the human spirit, and with this sense of mystery there always comes the kindred sense of reverence and of worship.

"Materialism or naturalism as a self-sufficing theory of the

universe may surely now be described as discredited by the best scientific minds. A true agnosticism which humbly recognizes the limits of scientific knowledge has taken the place of the false agnosticism, which declared dogmatically that beyond those limits there was nothing that could be known. On the other hand, religion—or rather religion thinking itself out, which we call theology—has equally come to recognize its own limitations. Interpreted at least by its best minds it sees that its claim to find in a personal God the ultimate author and worker of all things gives it no right to decide *a priori* the methods of his working in the world. Above all it has learned to reconsider its own conception of God and to look upon him not as standing apart from nature and asserting his power by

occasional arbitrary interference with the laws he has ordained, but as dwelling within it, revealing himself through it, yet in all and through all working out his will. Religion proclaims that he and no mere blind energy is the worker. But it waits for science to give it the tidings of the way in which he works. Thus through this mutual recognition and respect of their proper spheres there has come the possibility of a true friendship between religion and science. The cause of the old conflict was the mistaken desire for uniformity. The way of escape is this newer friendship, this deeper desire for unity."



MARC SANGNIER.

The founder and leading spirit of "Le Sillon." No Catholic since the days of Lacordaire, says a writer in the London *Nation*, has posset equal power or more deserved it.

SUBORDINATING "LE SILLON"

AN ACTION which is regarded by some foreign papers as only second in importance to the Vatican's condemnation of Modernism is Pius X.'s recent subordination of the French society called *Le Sillon*. This word, meaning "The Furrow," has been borne by an organization started in 1894 by a Mr. Marc Sangnier. Its scheme was to form a Christian

democracy, by proposing and furthering measures tending to improve the condition of the working classes, and to gain for them an equal share in the material, moral, and intellectual possessions of the whole nation. It particularly aimed to sow the good seeds of Christian belief and Christian morals in the mind of young France, rendered barren by materialism or indifference. According to its founder, who describes the organization in *The Independent*, "statistics gathered in 1906 show that in every 100 Sillonists there were 46 laborers (33 urban and 13 agricultural laborers), 27 clerks, 12 professional men (several of them university professors), 9 priests, 3 employers of labor, and 3 persons of independent means." The society was cordially supported by high Catholic authorities, even Leo XIII. receiving a deputation of its members. But of late, says the London *Times*, "the Vatican began to suspect in the movement a flavor of what has been called 'social Modernism.'" Sillonists were said to "profess orthodoxy, but dare follow out a religious philosophy of society and politics not quite in the orthodox way." The Sillon program of action, according to its founder, is this:

"1. Legislative action. Legislation must correct as far as possible the abuses of our present capitalistic system and guar-

antee to the workers a material and intellectual existence such as will make them free and thinking citizens able to assume the responsibilities of the community.

"2. Economic action. Labor must work out its own emancipation and look upon cooperative or syndical enterprises not only as a remedy for present ills, but as a means of social transformation.

"3. Moral action. Neither legislation nor propaganda will avail unless a spiritual factor imparts them life. The stumbling-block at present is the conflict between private interest and public interest. Moral factors only will bring about the subordination of private to public interest.

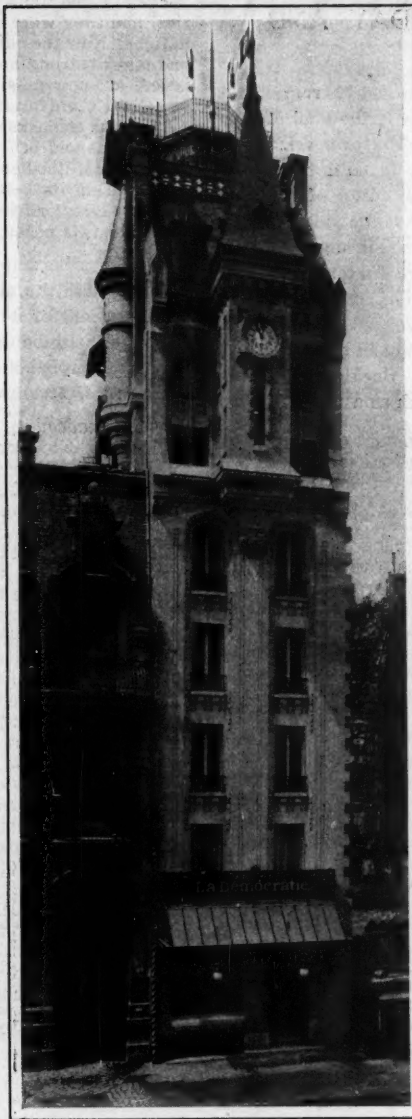
"Christianity is a wonderful source of democratic energy, since it reconciles individual welfare and public welfare; for it teaches that unless we strive to realize justice in ourselves and in our environment we shall not enjoy its blessings in the other world."

No formal action was taken by the Pope until after the foundation of Mr. Sangnier's daily paper, *La Démocratie*; whereupon a papal letter was issued commanding the society to submit itself to the bishops. Mr. Sangnier declares that he is ready to obey all orders address to him by the Pope, and makes this statement:

"The situation certainly is one of sorrow and anxiety for a Catholic like myself, who wishes to labor notwithstanding as a Republican and as a Democrat. Many paths have been closed to me, but I shall find others to follow, and when all are forbidden to me I shall still have the satisfaction in my conscience that I have done my duty. In the circumstances, being a Catholic first and foremost, I am glad to show my devotion to my faith and my fidelity to my religion. Nevertheless, I should consider it as cowardice to cease all action, all the more so as, from many points of view, I should be only too glad to retire. Nothing is more disagreeable to me than to see myself the chosen enemy of the most opposed parties. But I believe that I must continue to work for the good of my country as long as means are spared me. Henceforth, therefore, I shall act through this newspaper (*La Démocratie*), from a political and economical point of view, tho always being mindful of paternal orders address to me. As a militant Catholic, a Republican, and a sincere Democrat I hope to prove that one may be all three at the same time. It will be difficult to do this, but not impossible. I hope to show that the papal pronouncement can not be interpreted as an order to Catholics that they can not be at the same time Catholics and Democratic Republicans."

In France the liberal press "all condemn the Pope's letter as foolish and short-sighted, judged from the point of view of political expediency." The *Journal des Débats* (Paris), organ of Republicanism, makes a partial defense of the contents, and remarks on what it considers the moderation of its tone; yet it says this editorially:

"Rightly or wrongly the destinies of social progress seem to be bound up with irreligion, and the Sillon wished to remove this prejudice. By striking it the Vatican has run the risk of leading the masses to believe that Catholicism can not adapt itself to social life. The letter, it is true, recommends the



NEW BUILDING OF LE SILLON IN PARIS.

The Sillon's recently established paper, *La Démocratie*, is said to have moved the Pope to order the society to submit to the bishops, in whose hands it will henceforth be governed.

diocese to continue the work of the Sillon. It will depend upon the accomplishment of this task whether the misunderstanding between the Sillonists of to-day and those of yesterday can be dissipated."

The London *Nation* makes this adverse criticism:

"Pius X. has shattered the last fragments of the French policy of his predecessor, which was built on friendship with the Republic, the divorce of the Church from association with royalist factions, and the cautious encouragement of such a movement of Catholic democracy as that led by M. Sangnier, who was a personal favorite of the late Pope. The Sillon had, of course, nothing to do with Modernism, for M. Sangnier was an organizer and enthusiast rather than a thinker. His character, fervid but full of charm and grace, was of the highest, and his personal influence over French middle-class youth, who are not inclined to abandon Catholicism, was very remarkable. This important decision almost puts an end to the hope of retaining France as a country possessing a definitely Christian creed."

The *Catholic Register* (Toronto) in its letter from Rome gives the papal view of the matter:

"The Holy Father speaks of the Sillon especially and condemns it. This condemnation is not aimed at persons, on the contrary he feels the greatest affection for the misguided members of the society. He recognizes their faithfulness to religious duty, their open confession of faith, and their devotion to the interests of the poorer classes. In this letter one sees a great solicitude for social questions and action. The Holy Father bases his utterances largely upon the encyclicals of the late Pope Leo XIII., insisting that they should be well studied as the basis of Catholic instruction, and be well understood and faithfully followed, and be easy for interpretation to the people by the priests of the Church working in harmony with their bishops. The Holy Father says that he is not opposed to

democracy as a political form of government, because the Church has ever left the nation free to choose its form of government, but he wants democracy understood as Leo XIII. understood and defined it. The Sillon exalts human dignity, liberty, and justice beyond measure; its theories tend to the political, economical, and intellectual emancipation of the people, and to the abandonment of social inequality, to the leveling of the classes and the suppression of authority, which goes to show that it wishes to overturn the old and natural foundations of society and set up in its stead the autonomy of the individual, the authority of all, and the universal brotherhood. The Holy Father rejects this dream so full of errors and dangerous allusions, and he establishes the truth concerning authority, and points out that human dignity is not incompatible with subordination, nor liberty with authority, and that it is false and dangerous to teach that the slightest neglect is a diminutive of justice. The Holy Father shows that human brotherhood, while a specious cry, is a weak bond indeed, and that the Catholic Church, founded on the love of Jesus Christ, alone can efficaciously unite the souls, wills, and hearts of man in the search of common good. He points out the danger of the Sillon in giving religion to any political party, and finds the evidences of insubordination in the old catch-cry of the Sillon, 'Democracy will be Catholic or will not.'

THE MINISTRY OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

PRESIDENT TAFT, not long ago, expressed his regret that the ministry was not attracting to it the kind of men who formerly chose this calling. The comparison between men of the past and those of to-day found in the pulpit, implied by his words, is questioned by the editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, on the ground that the judge may be at fault in not taking into account the change in himself. "He who hears ministers in his youth, and afterward compares them in memory with those of a later generation, may, indeed, be the same man, but he has greatly changed," observes Dr. Buckley. "What fired his young heart might in his later years be a kind of mental soothing-sirup." Dr. Buckley quotes the following words of President Taft's speech as a text for some further comment:

"I regret to say that during the last generation the strongest young men do not seem to have been attracted to the ministry.

"The inadequacy of the compensation, the change from the commanding influence that the ministers had in the early part of this century to that which they now occupy has influenced men who in early days would have taken to the ministry, to pursue other callings.

"Nevertheless the influence of the Church in our community is still deep-seated and religion forms the inspiration of the great body of our people. A minister, to command the constant attention of a great congregation, must now be a man of power. The mere office does not carry with it either the sacredness or the influence that was once attached to it.

"I look, however, for a reaction in this matter. I believe that in the near future men of greater native force will enter the ministry.

"We are all familiar with the enormous influence for good that a powerful minister of the gospel exercises over his congregation and in the community in which he lives, and we may well expect that after the wild rush for wealth that has characterized previous generations shall have ceased, the opportunities for great usefulness offered by the practice of the profession of the clergyman will furnish a temptation to the strongest of the young college men to assume their cloth."

The President may not be entirely qualified to speak on this point, for "the experience of most persons in listening to discourses by different ministers and pastors in different denominations is greatly limited," suggests the editor, who adds:

"To judge a man by a special effort in preparation for which he may have occupied many days is not a sufficient test by which to gage his intellectual powers or moral force. The President of the United States belongs to the Unitarian Society, which among the denominations is one of the least numerous in members and ministers. No doubt the President has heard discourses in his youth and middle life, and certainly must have been unusually qualified to estimate their vigor, their style, their power to impress; but that he has had opportunity to judge the relative capacity of the ministry of the different communions and of their qualifications now, in comparison with what they possessed thirty or forty years ago, is not a reasonable supposition."

But since it is "in the air" that "the strongest young men are not entering the pulpit," the writer pauses to consider that point. None, he presumes, "will deny that there are some strong men in the pulpits, but the allegation is that relatively to the number of ministers and to the men of other professions, such are fewer than formerly." Lawyers, he points out, are in the same case, because "in former days litigants, for the most part, wanted to fight; now the majority have sense enough to prefer to pay a lawyer to settle a case rather than be dragged into court." Since cures are effected by "less medicine, and more attention to diet, exercise, and rest," doctors, too, find their profession neglected by those who answer the more alluring call of business. The writer goes on:

"Some aspects of the ministry, at least, hint at similar influ-

ences. In 'old times' there were few colleges and few universities, and they were chiefly sustained and operated by denominations. Now the number of professors is constantly increasing, and many 'strong men,' who began their public careers as ministers, are now presidents or professors in preparatory schools or colleges, universities, and theological seminaries.

"Similar remarks might be made of the almost countless secretaryships and other executive functions filled by ministers. Were the Methodist Episcopal Church, for instance, to count those within its bounds, and compare the number with those existing forty or fifty years ago, it would realize what a draft is made on its pulpit resources."

This, says the editor, "is only clearing the way to ask whether strong men in the ministry are fewer relatively, and if so why. The President of the United States assumed that they are." Supposing it to be as he surmises, what, he asks, is the bearing of the probable causes which he mentions? There is this answer:

"The inadequacy of the compensation" is mentioned.

"Is it right to assume that a young man of ability, devoted to the love and service of Christ, will sit down and consider whether should he become a minister he could 'make it pay'?"

"It is normal to consider this if one is thinking of the legal, medical, and other professions, the trades, and everything in which profit and loss may be an essential element. There are possible conditions under which even 'a strong man' in the ministry may cease to act as a pastor, or resign the ministry altogether.

"But if he is strong intellectually and equally spiritually minded, he thinks little, if any, about 'the compensation' when deciding whether he will become a minister. Moreover, a 'strong man' is almost sure of a living in any important denomination, as sure perhaps as in any ordinary business or profession; but not enough to be the basis upon which to build a fortune. Thanks be unto God that a certainty of great salaries is confined to a few churches in one or two denominations.

"It seems a profane act for one to become a minister of the gospel without a clear spiritual and providential call; and with such a call, to haggle with Providence and the Church as to compensation, is not simony but what Simon would be likely to do.

"Similar observations may be made concerning the 'commanding influence' which is said to have evaporated from the pastorate.

"The influence of a minister arises from these sources: his personal elements and character; his devotion to his congregation; their helpful reaction upon him; his communion with God. From these he derives his power to command and his ability to exercise that power without the consciousness of doing so.

"Never did a minister exercise 'commanding influence' in any community where the people lost their regard for him, and rarely, if ever, did a pastor fail to maintain a commanding influence where the people respected, trusted, and loved him.

"We can not think that the President has found the whole or the chief explanation of what he believes to have taken place. He hopes for a reaction favorable to the ministry. But that can not be expected from increased stipends, altho they are much too small except in a minority of cases, or from a return of 'commanding influence.'"

The following editorial appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* of September 18:

"At the Upper Iowa Methodist Conference last week, the body was confronted with no less than fifty-seven resignations, most of them from young men but a few years out of the seminary. The prevailing reason given for their acts was that they could not live upon the salaries, which range from \$450 to \$1,200. After from four to six and eight years of preparation and study they found that the increased cost of living made their resignation imperative. Some will become teachers, others will go into business.

"The country clergyman usually conducts two services each Sunday, besides superintending the Sunday-school and sometimes traveling twenty or thirty miles for services in remote districts. The old-time preacher thought nothing of doing this, and the rejected salaries would have been ample for him, but times have changed. There is as much self-sacrifice and devotion now as ever, but the hard facts of living to-day interpose obstacles not easily surmounted."



HARKING BACK TO MOZART

ACCORDING to an Indian legend the gods who are wandering among us in human guise may be recognized by the fact that the soles of their feet never come in contact with the earth. This story is related by Felix Weingartner, the famous German orchestral conductor, to illustrate "the significant distance" the art of music must preserve if she is to retain her divine essence. It is just this quality, he adds, of which she is in danger of being deprived by modern music-makers. And the arch-enemy who has done more than any other to bring her feet down to earth, he declares to be Richard Wagner. Weingartner, the conductor of the Vienna Royal Opera, was at one time a rabid Wagnerian, but has entirely deserted the Baireuth colors and now raises a rallying-cry for a return to the spirit of genuine classicism which pervades the music of Mozart, "the great apostle of sweetness and light." In the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* he gives his views of modern music. Thus:

"If we review the chief musical works which have been written since the death of Wagner, there is much to be said in praise of them. They are interesting, tremendously interesting; subtle, astoundingly subtle; clever, overpoweringly clever. But in spite of all this, we can not get rid of the feeling that something is lacking—that something is wrong with the general musical development of our modern age.

"We would like to suggest a remedy, but it is hard to know where to begin. It is easy enough to recognize the fact that there is an existing evil, but not so easy to locate it.

"Just as a physician, who, baffled by his diagnosis, takes refuge in prescribing a general cure, so the critic preaches a return to simplicity in music, and takes Mozart as the most conspicuous example of simplicity. But in doing so, he is apt to forget that the Mozart music is not so simple as it is generally assumed to be, and that, furthermore, one can only be simple when simplicity is a natural and not an assumed virtue.

"No master is so far removed from us as Mozart. Only a few singers can sing his music; the best orchestras have difficulty in interpreting the true style of his symphonies; and the task of properly setting his stage works leads at times to the most doubtful experiments. When any mention is made of Mozart, the world opens its eyes in admiration; but stays at home when his works are performed. The first thing is to find the real Mozart again, before we can consider a return to him.

"The great works of the so-called classical epoch, which in spite of the modern tendencies (perhaps because of them) still are regarded, and justly so, as the promised land of music—all possess the invaluable characteristic of releasing the soul of a highly sensitive listener from the burdens of every-day life, and of dissipating the shadows with their rays of effulgent light. And it is not on account of their familiarity that they exercise this effect upon us, altho it is not to be denied that the better we know them, the stronger becomes our desire to make ourselves even better acquainted with them, in order that we may feel more keenly the magic of their life-giving strength. After we know every note, we feel that we must begin all over again,

as the most intimate knowledge does not suffice to enable us to penetrate perfectly into their wonderful depths, from which smiles out at us the enigma of eternal youth. It is just this quality which is so signally lacking in the most recent music. We are not granted the deep satisfaction for which we continually yearn; we are not offered the refreshing drink which shall wash away the fever of the soul; the windows of the overheated hothouse, in which we are imprisoned, are never opened. We are excited, but not satisfied; heated, but not warmed; carried away, but not elevated."

No greater error could ever have been made, says Mr. Weingartner, glancing at the Wagnerian thralldom, than to desire to force music into the service of poesy. He continues:

"Music, the freest of all the arts, because independent of all external phenomena, with her roots going down deep into the finest fibers of the soul, was suddenly called upon to surrender her independence!

"Her future task was either to serve a sister art, or at the best, to be sacrificed to the new music-drama, according to the egotistic demands of Richard Wagner. An art from whose spirit blossomed the symphonies of Beethoven has been assigned so unworthy a rôle, that finally we have to pause and consider what the outcome of it all will be. We are beginning to be musical again; to despise no longer beauty of form; and to compose 'absolute music,' which is the contemptuous expression used by the makers of 'program' music for everything (Brahms of course included) which holds itself aloof from their senseless efforts.

"But the violence done to the musical art has left its traces. It has become hysterical, like an unhappy woman who has unjustly been kept in prison for a long time. Music must be restored to health, before works will be written worthy of being placed side by side with those of the old masters."



FELIX WEINGARTNER,

The Vienna orchestral conductor, who abandons the Wagnerian cult and raises a rallying-cry for a return to Mozart.

Is this restoration to be achieved by taking a retrospective path?

He proceeds with a parable:

"A steep path leads upward to a sunny height. A foolish wanderer, instead of following this path, turns aside into the undergrowth and finally finds himself in a dense thicket, behind which yawns a deep abyss. That which, in his blindness, he regarded as his goal, reveals itself to him now as only death and destruction. He must turn back. But filled with a longing to reach the heights at any price, he tries to force his way, and if he is fortunate, he will again find himself on the steep path—perhaps, in time, he will even reach the coveted peak."

In spite of all its weaknesses and errors, says this musician, the modern developments of our musical art have contributed many excellent building-stones to the general structure, and brought into use many new and valuable things, particularly along the lines of technical progress. Perhaps the better way, he suggests, "would be to use our modern resources to create in the spirit of Mozart." "If we look deep down in the clear childish eyes of the Mozart art, do we dare speak of going back! I believe, of a truth, it is necessary rather to say: 'Forward to Mozart!'"—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

MAETERLINCK OUT-OF-DOORS

ME. GEORGETTE LEBLANC, the wife of the poet and dramatist Maurice Maeterlinck, beats all comers in the field of out-door theatricals by her uncommon foresight or good luck in having a husband to produce the play and centuries to build the setting. This year her offering at the Maeterlinck home, the Abbaye of Saint-Wandrille, was "Pelléas and Mélisande." As happened last year when she



PELLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE SURPRIZED BY GOLAUD.

This love-scene, played in the "natural" setting of the Abbaye of St. Wandrille, was enacted in a pouring rain, and thereby its effect was enhanced, say some observers.

enacted *Lady Macbeth* in the same surroundings, the audience paid \$40 each for the privilege of entrance, and streamed from point to point, through grounds and halls of the abbey where the scenes had their "natural" settings. The occasion illustrated something of the irony of life, as Mr. Walkley, one of the auditors, shows us in the *London Times*. The "frou-frou and Parisian chatter" of the actresses, of whom he caught glimpses before the performance, "would have scandalized the Benedictines that until of late were the lawful inhabitants of the Abbey." "In the beautiful *lavabo* of the monks, happily left untouched in the Revolution that chipped off the nose of the Virgin hard by, there is a box of 'make-up' materials." In all about, so he concludes his preliminary survey of the place and the occasion, "the combination of stately, pious antiquity and frivolous modern *cabotinage* is strange and piquant." Mr. Walkley soon leaves such impressions, however, to tackle the main problem suggested by this particular open-air production—whether art and nature can blend so as to produce the required illusion for a play. He gives no half-hearted answer:

"The illusion of this 'Pelléas et Mélisande,' played as it were on the actual spots, now in a deep sylvan glade, now round the

fountain in the courtyard, now on the *perron* of the Abbey, now in the refectory or the cloisters, is absolute, overwhelming, entrancing. It is nightfall that makes all the difference. This enables the 'producer' of the play to select just as much as he pleases of the natural scene, leaving the rest (where Dr. Johnson left the inconvenient question about ghosts) in obscurity. Thus nature is converted into art. After all, the art of the stage, the ordinary four-walled and roofed stage, is not pure art; its instrument is largely nature, reality, in the person, voices, and native temperaments of the players. But that element of nature, of reality, is bent to the purpose of art, as we all know; and so it is with the natural background at Saint-Wandrille. Such light as there is—it is little more than a glimmer—is concentrated upon the action; the scene is framed naturally in the dense black of the night.

"And the result is perfect illusion—not crude hit-you-in-the-face illusion, but poetic illusion, a thrilling sense of mystery, and what is so specifically Maeterlinckian, the felt presence of the unseen and the unknown. One of the chief advantages of this natural over the artificial stage is, of course, the sense of space. Entrances and exits, instead of having the abrupt Jack-in-the-box air imposed on them in the usual theater, instead of being, in short, stage-conventions, become realities, the gradual process beginning or ending in the actual distance. Golaud is seen tramping in full armor through the wood long before he comes upon the strayed *Mélisande* at the fountain. When Golaud brings his child-bride home, you see the family at the Castle, old *King Arkel*, *Queen Geneviève*, and the rest, gathered on the steps, and far off the torch-lit wedding procession slowly wending its way toward them. In a word the action becomes free. The imaginary space and time of the story coincide with the real space and time.

"That is one cause of the perfect illusion. But it would, of course, exist in any open-air performance. Another cause is peculiar to Saint-Wandrille; it is the perfect appropriateness of the building to the story enacted in and round it. *Mélisande* leans out of a casement in a tower, while *Pelléas* coils her long hair round his throat. Golaud holds little *Yniold* up to the casement that he may report what the lovers are doing within. Well, here are the real tower and casement as medieval as you please (by daylight you will find it is only seventeenth century, but that makes no difference), and, further, there are all the real physical accidents of the situation. *Yniold* slips as he hangs onto the ledge of the window (it is still raining cats-and-dogs), and *Pelléas* as he struggles up covers himself with mud. Much of Maeterlinck's action takes place in woods and round fountains; Saint-Wandrille abounds in woods and fountains. You have not to content yourself with being told by *Mélisande*, as she looks over *Pelléas*' shoulder, that she sees Golaud, with drawn sword, lurking in the depths of the wood; you can see him for yourself. And as *Pelléas* is stricken to death and *Mélisande* flees back to the castle, wailing out, '*Je n'ai pas de courage!*' you can hear her little feet pattering into the distance through the sodden grass."

By the time this critical scene has been reached, Mr. Walkley frankly confesses that "the audience has become hypnotized." When the guides summon them to follow, they "start as from a dream." He goes on:

"That is the effect of the whole thing, the effect of a dream; and what is 'Pelléas et Mélisande' but a dream by a dreamer of beautiful dreams? The dream effect is enhanced by occasional music, hidden away in some gallery, an 'old unhappy far-off thing.' Mystery enfolds you, and when the Abbey chimes break in from time to time you think they are part of the mystery, bells from some fairy-land and start when you find that they are only marking the actual quarter-hours by your watch. But the last scene of all, *Mélisande*'s death is of all the most thrilling; not mysterious, this one, but tenderly human and pathetic. '*C'était un petit être si tranquille, si timide, et si silencieux*' ['She was just a little thing, so peaceful, timid, and quiet'], says old *King Arkel*, as the serving-women reverently cover the frail little body with the sheet. . . . '*C'était un pauvre petit être mystérieux, comme tout le monde*' ['She was a poor little strange being, like the whole world']. And the men creep out on tiptoe and the women kneel in prayer, and the audience gives a great sigh, waking at last from their beautiful, sad dream.

"It seems out of place to talk of the acting. Histrionics, of the conventional sort, there were none. Amid the natural surroundings the players seemed to have themselves become part

of nature, and to be in all simpleness and sincerity the people they presented. Mme. Georgette Leblanc had the childlike innocence and grace, and at the same time the mysterious fateful air of *Mélisande*, while the men dropt the actor and were just *Arkel* and *Pelléas* and *Golaud* to the very life.

THE POOR MAN AT OXFORD

OXFORD has shown such a change of heart that no longer is a man like Hardy's *Jude the Obscure* apt to find himself turned from her doors because he is a poor man. Indeed, the new scheme of reform just promulgated by its Chancellor, Lord Curzon, tries to afford entrance to poor men, by a side door if not by the main portal. It is proposed to raise a fund to be placed at the disposal of the Delegates for "non-collegiate students for the help of persons in need of assistance at the University who are desirous of becoming, or already are, non-collegiate students." Students who are so classified are enrolled in the University, but belong to no particular college in it. Such students, it appears, already exist in limited numbers, and the new proposals aim to attract more.

This concession is looked upon as something gained for democracy from an institution so entrenched behind aristocratic traditions. It has avoided an outward appearance of snobbery by declaring that "the Council found no indication of a desire for a workingmen's college within the University, and does not think that either a workingmen's college or a college for poor men, as such, is desirable." The new propositions do not, however, meet with entire favor. "Oxford ought to be above all suspicion of snobbery," says the *London Daily Mail*, adding:

"Her doors should be open to all men of talent and devotion to learning; and once within the portals, the alumnus should suffer no disqualification from the accident of poverty. In the days which opened 800 years ago, when Oxford was famous the world over for the zeal of learners and the genius of her professors, poverty was the fashion, as the old statutes bear witness. The University itself had to turn pawnbroker and beneficent money-lender in order to help some of its best sons to keep body and soul together. We do not suggest that the Hebdomadal Council should set up a pawnbroker's shop in the High



GOLAUD TORTURING MÉLISANDE,
In order to learn if she loves his brother Pelléas.

or loan second-hand clothes from a depository in the Corn. But we do urge that every effort should be spent toward that true aristocracy of learning where a man takes his place for what he is. Does Lord Curzon's scheme go far enough in this?

"The present proposal is to improve, so far as may be, by better lectures and more exhibitions, the lot of the unattached student. But whatever is done on his behalf he will remain to some extent outside the University and be regarded in the bulk as a Scythian. The title 'Unattached,' which is generally used in its full or abbreviated form, is outrageous, and the more proper term 'Non-collegiate student' is little better. Why 'non-collegiate'? In that name, which is nothing if not accurate, lies the root of the matter. The fact that they are non-collegiate means that the colleges will have nothing to do with them.

"The chief reason is no doubt that the men are not able to face the burdens of college 'battels,' college rents, and college subscriptions. The struggles of the few who have attempted this are known to some Bursars, and no one would dream of recommending the endeavor to any man. But there is no real reason why the poorest man should not be attached to a college, should not be collegiate. Why should a college force men to pay for a dinner in Hall so many times a week or force him to live in college rooms and pay considerable valuation for the furniture? The cardinal reform will come, not from the University as such. It will come



THE LAST ACT OF PELLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE.

Here *Mélisande*, even after the birth of her child, is still pursued by the jealous husband who tries to wring from her the secret, but her death soon follows to end all questionings.

from the colleges, which compose the University, but are apt to quarrel with their corporate self."

A writer to *The Pall Mall Gazette* (London) goes even further and tries to strip from the University Council any credit that it may have been taking to itself for its proposed reforms. This writer, signing himself "Amicus Curiae," observes:

"The University has two open and honest courses before it—either to tell the poor man frankly that Oxford is no place for him, and that its culture, its discipline, its mellowness, and its endowments are for his betters or to take him in and pour out upon him what she pours on so many of his more fortunate contemporaries. If the heart, body, and purse of the University are not respectively large enough for this, it may be regrettable, but there it is. It is better to state the fact in plain terms than to juggle with specious 'concessions to the spirit of the age' which concede nothing, and merely cloak very commonplace selfishness in words and measures of sententious hypocrisy."

"If Oxford can not offer the poor man a collegiate life, she offers him little or nothing that he can not obtain—and that, perhaps, with fewer drawbacks and in a more congenial atmosphere—elsewhere."

Even if a plan is arranged to give some sort of college affiliation to the beneficiaries of this charity plan, remarks *The Pall Mall Gazette* editorially, they will still find themselves a class apart from the Oxford life, and be in a very uncomfortable position. "If the colleges do not open their doors with real heartiness, those doors may be forced by a very ugly rush before the century is near its end."

ART'S DECLINE AND FALL

THE PRESENT century, still so young, has to fight hard for its literary life against the immediately preceding one. A few weeks ago we quoted an editorial writer for the New York *Evening Post* who lamented the inferiority of our leading literary lights to those of the Victorian era. He was led to this comparison by the choice of members made for the new Academy of English Letters. Now an English writer in the London *Morning Post* declares that in the whole field of art we have "few—if any—whose works will outlive their generation." To support his sad contention he prepares two lists; one containing names of artists whose works were executed during the last fifty years and the other containing artists who are working to-day. The first presents some names of persons still living, but whose work is practically finished. It will be seen that the writer does not restrict his vision to England, but that, being his immediate foreground, of course bulks the largest. Here are his lists:

LAST FIFTY YEARS.

Music.—Balfé, Benedict, Costa, Gounod, Offenbach, Sullivan, Verdi, Wagner.

Painting.—Bonheur, Doré, Du Maurier, Keene, Landseer, Leech, Leighton, Maclise, Phil May, Meissonier, Millais, Millet, Riviere, Rossetti, Tenniel, Turner, Whistler.

Sculpture.—Boehm, Stevens, Thornycroft, Westmacott, Wyatt.

Stage.—The Bancrofts, Barrett, Bernhardt, G. V. Brooke, Buckstone, Fechter, Irving, Kean, Fanny Kemble, Macready, Charles Mathews, Phelps, Salvini, Sothorn, Mrs. Stirling, Webster.

Literature (Poetry).—Barham, Elizabeth B. Browning, R. Browning, Hood, Longfellow, Swinburne, Tennyson.

Literature (Prose).—Ainsworth, Besant, Buchanan, H. J. Byron, Carlyle, Collins, Dickens, Disraeli, Dumas, George Eliot, Gilbert, Hugo, Washington Irving, Kingsley, Lever, Lytton, Meredith, Reade, Robertson, Ruskin, George Sand, Thackeray, Verne, Wilde, Zola.

Vocalists.—Foli, Jenny Lind, Mario, Christine Nilsson, Patey, Patti, Reeves, Santley.

PRESENT DAY.

Music.—Elgar, German, Tchaikovsky.

Painting.—Abbey, Collier, Fildes, Herkomer, Solomon, Poynter, Sargent.

Sculpture.—Brock Frampton, Goscombe John.

Stage.—Robertson, Tree, Violet Vanbrugh.

Literature (Poetry).—Watson.

Literature (Prose).—Haggard, T. Hardy, Doyle.

Vocalists.—Caruso, Melba, Tetrizzini.

A comparison of the two lists, he thinks, makes out a strong case for his contention. He adds, after noting "the paucity of women whom one would naturally expect to excel in the gentler arts":

"I am quite prepared to be challenged with the fact that if art has declined science has advanced by leaps and bounds. At the same time art must not be allowed to die. It is the beautiful in life. I may be accused of being sentimental instead of practical. My reply is that sentiment is the poetry of our existence and without it life would be dull and prosaic."

As this writer, who signs himself Henry Benson, wished, a number of people take up the cudgels with and against him. One of them, A. J. Hale, feels sure that "all thinking men and women" will agree with Mr. Benson "as to the lamentable paucity of really great exponents of the artistic spirit among us to-day." Individual opinion, this second writer thinks, could considerably enlarge the "Present-Day" list "without, however, making it approach much nearer in quality to the splendid string of names illustrative of the 'Last Fifty Years.'" Because—

"Many influences are at work to account for the decline of interest taken in art for its own sake. One is the prevailing craze for the extraordinary and the abnormal, so diligently fostered by a portion of the press. Another is the jarring materialism which reduces everything to its sordid money value, causing hundreds to rush to see a work of art not for its merit as such, but simply because it is supposed to be worth so many thousand pounds."

Not all are found in so hopeless a frame of mind as Mr. Benson and Mr. Hale, however. A Mr. Smith comes up with a strong lance for the moderns:

"What is one to say to the conclusions of a gentleman, however worthy and admirable his motives, who includes in his list of the Immortals of the past, upon which he bases his 'unsailable contention' such names (to take but a few among the painters and sculptors) as Doré, Landseer, Maclise, Boehm, Thornycroft (of the Westminster Bridge Boadicea fame), and among moderns Collier, Poynter, Fildes, German, Doyle, Haggard, and Tree?"

"Has Mr. Benson never heard of Orchardson, Israels, Clausen, Lhermitte, Alma-Tadema, Zuloaga Bastida, Cottet, Furze, Charles Sims, Shannon, Wilson, Steer, Brangwyn, Swan, Derwent Wood, Mackennal, Colton, among modern painters and sculptors? Are the names of Richard Strauss and Debussy among composers, and those of Kipling, Maeterlinck, Hewett, Loti, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Tolstoy among writers, and Ellen Terry among actresses unknown to him? We must either conclude so, or else that Mr. Benson does not consider them worthy to be ranked with the names he has given us; and either conclusion is very depressing and only emphasizes once again the impossibility of opening the eyes of Mr. Benson and his like (their name is legion) to the significance and beauty of modern work, whether of painting, literature, music, or the drama."

If this will not persuade the pessimistic Mr. Benson that he lives too much in the past, the present writer has a further argument to use against him:

"Putting this point, however, entirely on one side, the comparison he seeks to make is not a fair one, as any selection of a period of fifty years can not obviously be contrasted with that of a period of ten years only, and in order to get a fair comparison Mr. Benson must wait until 1950 and then take two equal periods of fifty years each, but this is a long time to wait, and meanwhile there are doubtless dozens of eager correspondents anxious to avail themselves of your open columns and express their views upon a subject so kindly provided for them by Mr. Benson during the dull season."



A GUIDE TO THE NEW BOOKS



Adams, Charles Follen. *Yawcob Strauss and Other Poems.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 311. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1 net.

Addison, Julia DeWolf. *The Boston Museum of Fine Arts.* Pp. 437. Profusely illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

This is an exceptionally good guide and text-book, with illustrations and much valuable information. The author pays tribute to the arrangement of the different exhibits, and to the taste and ability of those who have brought the Boston Museum to its present standard of excellence.

There are chapters devoted to the different schools of painting; to textiles and pottery, tapestries, glass, prints, and porcelains. A long notice is given of the Egyptian and Classical departments, and the "matchless Oriental exhibition, in which Boston stands preeminently among the greatest collections of the world."

Naturally, where so much information is massed, the book is not a book for continuous reading, but is invaluable for systematic study, or ready reference. The processes of making glass, porcelain, pottery, tapestry, etc., are most interestingly described.

The gem of the Boston collection is a gold ear-ring, "the infinitesimal marvel," one of the finest pieces of Greek jewelry in the world.

Ames, Fisher. By Reef and Trail—Bob Leach's Adventures in Florida. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 312. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Andrews, Charles M., Gambrell, J. Montgomery, and Tall, Lida Lee. *Bibliography of History for Schools and Libraries.* With Descriptive and Critical Annotations. 12mo, pp. 224. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 60 cents net.

Andrews, George Arthur. *What is Essential.* 12mo, pp. 153. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1 net.

Argyle, Duke of [Edited by]. *Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century.* 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 696. London: Stanley Paul Co.

As a comment on great events, the personal correspondence of individuals in public life has always had preeminent value. The eighteenth century witnessed a turning-point in England and, indeed, in Europe. It was sharply defined from the Victorian era. It was the age of American Independence, of the French Revolution, of the rise of Napoleon, of England's great European triumphs, of a new development of political liberty, of a press newly enfranchised, and of science and art in England newly developing. In this era the union of Scotland and England came about, of which the Duke of Argyle wrote to Lord Godolphin, saying of those leading men whom he had consulted on the subject: "I find them perfectly of the opinion I have always entertained, that the Government would never recover its strength, but be ever feeble so long as it was not of a piece." How different was this from Ireland's attitude in 1801.

In the present volumes we have, however, much lighter matter than these political revolutions furnish.

Here we meet the three daughters of Colonel Gunning, "the Gunning Girls," of whom Walpole writes that, when at Dublin, their beauty created a furore, and the mob troubled them so much by following them about and staring at them that a military guard was ordered to see that they walked his majesty's highway in peace. One married the Duke of Hamilton, and several sprightly letters of hers appear in this

epistles. In an account of a "rational day in the country," at Chatsworth, in the time of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, we are told "the ladies rise from one o'clock to two, and breakfast in their own rooms for the convenience of having their hair combed while they drink their tea. Cold meat is brought for the dogs at the same time." A characteristic letter of Dr. Johnson presents him as the complaining valetudinarian which

he many times showed himself, but adding: "While I am away I beg that you will sit for me at the Club [the Garrick, of course], and will pay Betsy Barber five shillings a week."

Naturally, the letters deal largely with the Argyle family, but they well reflect the time when "people did much of their ablutions outside of the house in summer, and troubled themselves little about any in winter"—that is, of course, in North Britain.

A wealth of portraits, beautiful even in reproduction, many facsimiles

of handwriting, including one of a letter from Lord Bute and another of a letter from Washington, are interesting. But while the book is very readable it can be of the highest interest only to those who bear the name of Campbell, or are deeply versed, if not in Burke's Peerage, at any rate in the period of English history, literary and political, covered by these letters.

Ayres, Leonard P. *Open-Air Schools.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 171. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20 net.

Bazin, René. *The Barrier (La Barrière).* Translated by Mary D. Frost. Pp. 218. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1 net.

Religious unrest is the keynote of this novel, and its atmosphere is rather depressing. A young Englishman, Reginald Breynolds, finds himself a prey to religious doubt and, when he refuses to drink to the "English Church," is banished and disinherited by an irate father and a broken-hearted mother. Reginald's adviser in this attitude is a deeply devout Catholic French girl—Marie Limerel—who rejects her cousin-lover because he has ceased to be a loyal Catholic, and he, in turn, leaves home, blaming his parents for his disaffection.

Reginald finally obtains peace in the Roman Catholic faith and avows his undying devotion to Marie, but she sends him back to his regiment in India until "time and separation shall prove them destined for each other."

All this happiness gives a chance for much religious discussion, mostly from the Catholic standpoint, and an opportunity for thoughtful criticism of human motives and mistakes, for example:

"Society is like Chinese lacquer, made up of successive coats of varnish, concealing very poor wood."

Bjorklund, Gustaf. *Death and Resurrection. From the Point of View of the Cell-Theory.* Translated from the Swedish by J. E. Fries. Frontispiece. 16mo, pp. 205. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.



From Burroughs's "In the Catskills."

JOHN BURROUGHS'S BIRTHPLACE, ROXBURY, N. Y.

collection. Four exquisite portraits are given of this Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton, one of them by Reynolds. She was a good wife and mother, a favorite of the King's, and when she wrote to Lady Gower said: "Give my love to the King." We are reminded, in one of these letters, that it was a time when "the united fleet of France and Spain made its appearance about six leagues off Plymouth," on occasions. But fashionable life plays a large part in the subjects of these



From Clifton Johnson's Edition of "Walden."

SITE OF THOREAU'S HOUSE AT WALDEN AS NOW MARKED BY A CAIRN.

Blair, Mary, and Beebe, C. William. Our Search for a Wilderness. An account of two ornithological expeditions to Venezuela and to British Guiana. Illustrated by photographs from life taken by the author. Cloth. 8vo, pp. 408, 160 illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1910.

Nothing is more enticing to the imagination than the forests and flowery jungles that clothe the valley of the Orinoco. The very name is instinct with romantic memories, from the time of the early adventurers who searched there for the fabled El Dorado, to Humboldt and Tschudi, Waterton, Wallace, and Bates. Thither went Mr. and Mrs. Beebe, full of the glamour of tradition and the eagerness of scientific explorers, and having extraordinarily good luck as well as making thoughtful arrangements, found more of pleasure and profit than they anticipated. Remembering "Two Bird-lovers in Mexico," by these authors, the general reader will rightly anticipate delightful reading, conveying with a picturesque charm much novel and curious information; while the naturalist will welcome to his store of knowledge novelties of fact and of theoretic suggestion. Two expeditions are related—the first by sloop, with long lingerings among the mangroves, to the Pitch Lake region of Venezuela; the second, a series of boat-journeys and other wanderings in the back country of British Guiana. The book is the best thing of its kind which has appeared in many a day.

Booth, Edward C. The Doctor's Lass. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 370. New York: Century Co. \$1.30 net.

Brady, Cyrus Townsend. South American Fights and Fighters. 8vo, pp. 342. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

This is certainly an inviting, altho a heterogeneous volume. Of course, we are

willing to excuse its omissions and incongruities on the author's plea of "the many other demands on my time." But Cortez, Pizarro, Judge Terry, and a string of American duelists, as well as the eternal Paul Jones—how can they live together between the same pair of covers?

It seems strange that the writer should entirely omit such names as Raleigh, Hawkins, Frobisher, and, greatest of all the English fighters on the Spanish Main, Sir Francis Drake, not to mention Anson, whose "Voyage Round the World" is a classic.

or, The Pluck of Billy Hazen. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 331. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.25.

Breck, Edward. Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw. Pp. 240. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

"Uncle Ned" owned Camp Buckshaw, and not only knew all about the animals, but loved them; so, in this story of his Nova Scotia camp, we are introduced to all his young relatives and the pets which they have collected, including bear cubs, ravens, crows, flying squirrels, loons, porcupines, beavers, gulls, and a moose calf.

The style is a bit disjointed, but the story gives a very interesting account of the habits and peculiarities of the different animals, and fixes the knowledge in the reader's mind by the conversational method of its presentation.

There is a strong argument presented against unnecessary killing—a plea for more shooting with the camera and less with the gun.

It is a vacation book, with some very good illustrations from photographs from life.

Brooks, Amy, Dorothy Dainty's Winter. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 234. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.

Burroughs, John. In the Catskills. Selected from Mr. Burroughs' Writings. With Illustrations from Photographs by Clifton Johnson. 8vo, pp. 521. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

It was a happy thought to select from the writings of John Burroughs a series of papers dealing with the region in which he spent his early life, and to which, in later years, he has often returned. Burroughs was born in the town of Roxbury, which lies on the headwaters of the east branch of the Delaware River, the ultimate source of which lies in the southern slope of the Catskills. Near his

(Continued on page 550.)



From Moore's "With Stevenson in Samoa."

VAILIMA, STEVENSON'S HOME IN SAMOA, AS ALTERED SINCE HIS DEATH AND NOW THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR.

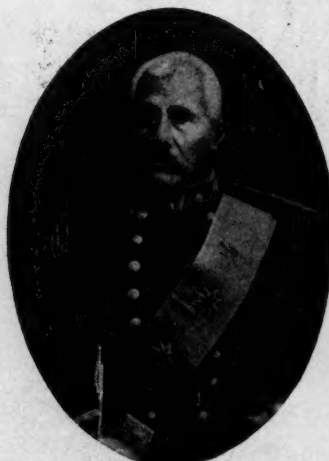
Perhaps the volume will be none the less interesting to boys, from such blemishes, for it is written in a popular and pleasing style, and seems to be historically correct. The illustrations add to its attractiveness. We can not quite understand why the author speaks only of the "heroic" aspect of the Spanish conquests of Peru and Mexico. The conquest of South America was characterized by a spirit of cruelty and avarice which quite dimmed the heroism displayed by the invaders.

Brainerd, Norman. Winning the Eagle Prize;



From Moore's "With Stevenson in Samoa."

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THREE OF STEVENSON'S FRIENDS IN SAMOA.

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A GUIDE TO THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 548)

birthplace was also born Jay Gould. The two went to the same school, saw the same scenes and, as boys, had practically the same experiences. Both were farm boys, and they were a good deal together. Environment had much to do with shaping the life of John Burroughs, but Mr. Johnson, in his introduction, says he has been unable to discover what effect, if any, that beautiful Catskill country had on the career of Jay Gould. Mr. Johnson's illustrations number twenty-four, and relate, not only to Mr. Burroughs' home, but to the scenery of the Catskills near it. The book has been attractively printed.

Carson, Norma Bright. From Irish Castles to French Chateaux. Pp. 242. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Mrs. Carson, in this literary travelogue, has written of a trip which includes Ireland, Scotland, England, and France. She gives graphic descriptions of many famous places and people, and while her material contains nothing new, she has a charming and convincing power in description. In her prose she betrays her poetic temperament, and her word-pictures are artistic.

She characterizes London as the city "whose heart beats regularly and strong; the pulse indicates no fever, but the calm pride of a confident health."

Milton and Shakespeare each receives a comprehensive chapter, and she closes with descriptions of two storms at sea, which are fine. The book is profusely illustrated by photographs, which are not the least of its attractions.

Cummings, Prentiss. The Iliad of Homer. Translated into English Hexameter Verse. An abridgment which includes all the Main Story and the Most Celebrated Passages. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 529. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$3.

Cunnington, Susan. Stories from Dante. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 255. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50 net.

Curtis, Alice Turner. Anne Nelson—A Little Maid of Province Town. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 263. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.25.

Cuthbertson, William. Pansies, Violets and Violets. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 116. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Davis, Richard Harding. Once Upon a Time. Pp. 280. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910. \$1.50.

These eight stories are not all of equal merit, but each holds the reader. Mr. Davis, while he has grown mature in thought and diction, still retains his boyish appreciation of human foibles, his keen sense of humor, and his admiration for nobility of character. Two stories especially—"A Charmed Life," and "The Amateur"—are cleverly conceived and artistically developed.

Elliot, Charles W. The Durable Satisfaction of Life. 12mo, pp. 197. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1 net.

Ferrero, Felice. The Valley of Aosta. Pp. 317. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

A beautiful Italian valley, not far from Turin or Milan, is here described comprehensively. The writer has an intimate knowledge of the country, people, and history. The subject is divided into three parts: Book I. describes the modern Aosta, the four great peaks—Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, and the Gran Paradiso; the formation and action of glaciers, and gives some valuable points to the ambitious

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climber. Book II. shows us the Roman ruins in this valley, and makes us see their charm through well-chosen word-pictures. Book III. describes the Aosta of the Middle Ages—the feudal families and their magnificent castles—and cites historic events connected with the country.

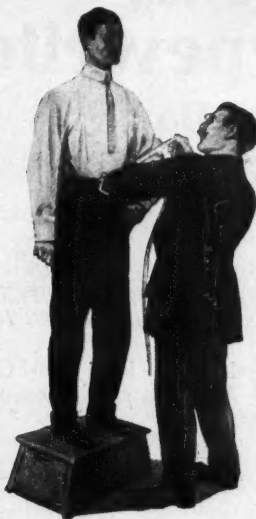
Formby, John. *The American Civil War.* 8vo. pp. 520. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.50.

Within comparatively small compass, the writer has given a sort of summary, or conspectus, of the whole struggle between North and South, following out every ramification of the various campaigns and movements. The reader is assisted by sixty excellent maps bound up in a separate volume. Mr. Formby tells of his own experience in studying the war for ten years. He learned a great deal about separate incidents and individual leaders—political and military—but could gain no idea of the vast struggle as a whole.

In his work he succeeds in giving, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the conflict. He so arranges his material by cross references that contemporaneous events are coordinated and fall into their right places. This feature of the work is developed in a clear and businesslike manner. The result is a work free from military technicalities, or details of merely personal interest. The incidents of each battle are not minutely related, and, like a philosophical historian, the writer strives rather to cast light upon the causes and motives of the conflict, and to bring into prominence only those of its minor operations which had a direct effect on the main phase of the War, in the several districts where active operations were being carried on.

The chief lines of his concise narrative proceed from Buchanan's administration and end with that of Johnson, altho he recognizes that a ferment of conflict had been seething long years before Buchanan. He sees the war struggle proceeding by regular, well-defined steps in the really vital part of the country, the region between the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi River. He thinks political and sentimental considerations overrode the military necessities which would have made it more successful in Virginia. The real war began in the first half of 1862, when the North gained ground in the West, or center, but failed in the East. The Confederates then lost control of Kentucky and Maryland. Mr. Formby considers that the battle of Murfreesboro was the turning-point of the War. The Confederates never recovered from that blow. It was practically their Waterloo, and 1863 opened with the utter exhaustion of the South. In the second half of 1863 the North gained decisive battles all along the line. In the following years their position became strengthened at every point, and 1865 witnessed the last expiring struggles of the Confederacy and the surrender of their whole army.

Mr. Formby has filled in this brief outline with masterly skill and lucidity. He writes tersely and decidedly, and has evidently made up his mind deliberately on every open question. He may be taken as a safe guide. Altho he is an Englishman, he has achieved something which no American historian has even attempted. Standing at a distance, he has seen and pointed out the true perspective of a war which he thinks "contains many lessons for the Mother



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Nation of England." American students will hail his book and place it on the shelf side by side with Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

Greene, M. Louise, M.Pd., Ph.D. Among School Gardens. Pp. 387. Russell Sage Foundation Publication, published by Charities Publishing Co., 105 East 22d St., New York. \$1.25 postpaid.

Dr. Greene has covered her subject comprehensively and, as a result, her book becomes a compendium of knowledge for readers of all ages and of all degrees of interest and information. The School Garden movement is comparatively young in America, but was started in Germany as early as 1814, and now is a regular part of the school system of most countries.

The information in the book is historical, technical, and general, showing the correlation of garden work with all other studies, and proving its efficacy in cases of mental weakness or perversity. She describes the different schools and their methods; gives tables, telling how and when to plant both vegetables and flowers; explains the differences in seeds and how to experiment; lists the equipment necessary for good work, and practically gives a pedagogic treatise that could be used by pupil or teacher. Yet the general reader will find much entertainment and helpful information in it.

Hays, Helen Ashe. The Antietam and Its Bridges. The Annals of an Historic Stream. With 17 Photogravures from Photographs by John C. Artz. Royal 8vo. Decorated cloth. Pp. 178. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1910.

The simple title of this elegant book hardly prepares one for the amount and entertaining character of its contents. The Antietam is a quiet little tributary of the Potomac between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenian escarpment, which would never have been heard of by one in ten thousand of our people had it not been made famous by one of the most furious and decisive battles of the Civil War. Its valley, however, is one of the most favored spots in the country, in soil and climate, and it was among the first to be settled upon by those pioneers who in early Colonial days began to move westward. It is a stony country, and the Germans, who first became the possessors of its fertile vales, were a people who loved permanent and solid things. Hence, when they found it necessary to bridge the stream they used stone; and their work has survived even the stress of a destructive war. There are many of these bridges, all graceful in form; and about each one clings an accumulated story of human life and social growth which is well worth the telling. Very beautiful are these bridges, too, as one sees by the photographic reproductions which can not be too highly praised. The simple, unaffected style in which they are described, and the story of the peaceful valley woven about them, gives the book a quiet charm that seems—and probably is—born of the gentle stream, the quiet, mossy arches, and the quaint, slow people who used to be content with their small, sunny world, and largely are yet unruffled by outer excitements. Hence, it is with a quiet satisfaction, unusual in these days, that we turn the pages and enjoy the uneventful narrative much as we might enjoy jogging along the valley in an old-fashioned chaise with a gossiping friend to chat about each farm and hamlet and ancient crossing. Would that more of the quiet old valleys of our Eastern States had a similar delightful chronicler of its human history.

Our readers are asked to mention THE LITERARY DIGEST when writing to advertisers.

Howells, W. D. *My Mark Twain. Reminiscences and Criticisms.* Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 187. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.40 net.

Mr. Howells' reminiscences of his friend extend over forty-four years. The two men first met in the office of *The Atlantic Monthly*, where Mr. Howells was the assistant editor, his chief being James T. Fields. The friendship during subsequent years remained intimate and unbroken. Two men more unlike in personality have rarely come together in friendship. Perhaps the finest thing in Mr. Howells, as Mark Twain's friend, is the serenity with which he forgave in him many things, beginning with the sealskin overcoat—the fur being outside—worn at their first meeting, and embracing then and thereafter much profanity. Fine, also, are the glimpses Mr. Howells gives his readers of Mrs. Clemens, and her husband's devotion, and even subjection, to her. In his early Hartford days, Mark Twain went regularly to church, partly because he liked it, partly to please his wife. He drifted afterward to agnosticism, a period during which Mr. Howells once asked him if he still went to church. "Yes," said he; "it most kills me, but I go." There are many fine passages in this book, not the least of them the last, in which Mr. Howells writes of his friend's funeral at the Brick Church, where he saw him "lying in his coffin amid those flowers with which we garland our despair in that pitiless hour." He has known all our men of letters in his time, and all, save one, were like one another and like other literary men; "but Clemens was sole, incomparable, the Lincoln of our literature."

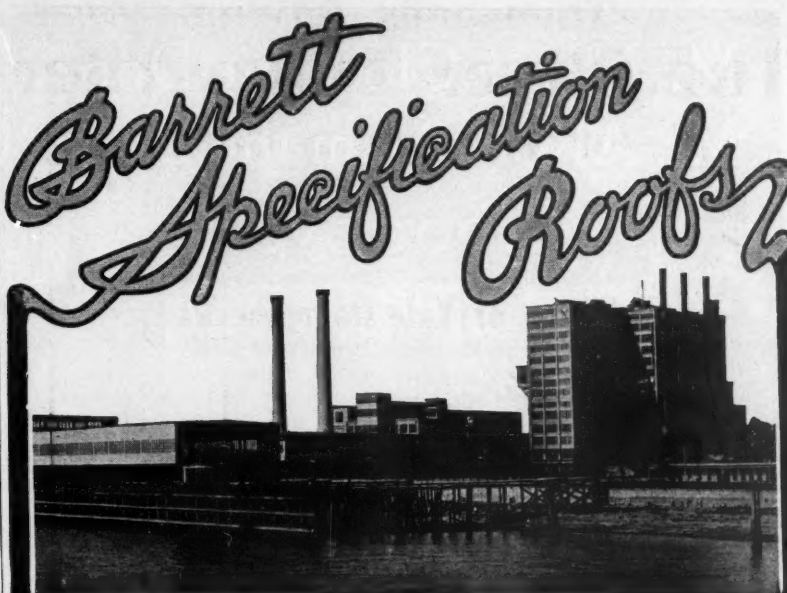
Hutchins, Frank and Cortelle. *Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway.* Pp. 293. Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1910.

Condemned by his physician to a long vacation for the benefit of tired nerves, the "Commodore," "Nautica," his wife, "Lady Fairweather," the mother, and "Henry, the Crew," decided on this houseboat trip up the James River, stopping at the historic points of interest and learning and loitering at leisure. The reader becomes excitedly interested in the boat, *Gadabout*, while beautiful photographs, so generously furnished, only serve to fix more deeply the pictures, already made vivid by the clever and imaginative style of word-painting.

The trip lasted until December, when the party started from Norfolk for Richmond, up the "Greate River," stopping near the colonial manor houses of Brandon, Weyanoke, Fleur de Hundred, Westover, Berkeley, and Shirley. Many intimate and interesting facts about these places and the great families associated with them are given.

James, George Wharton. *The Grand Cañon of Arizona: How to See It.* With numerous illustrations and maps. Decorated cloth. 12mo, pp. 264. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1910. \$1.50 net.

Perhaps no one is better fitted, by knowledge and temperament together, to make a guidebook to the Grand Cañon of the Rio Colorado than Mr. James. He has been familiar with the district for many years, and has great enthusiasm for it. He also knows the literature; and, as a result, has added to the profuse and valuable details of hotels, trails, camping-places, and outfit, such as all need, a great deal of information as to the physical history of the cañon and its surrounding plateaus, the story of its exploration, and discourses on the natives of the region whose faces and whose arts are met with by the tourist. It is a good kind of a book and a good book of its kind.



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Jewett, Sophie. God's Troubadour, the Story of Saint Francis of Assisi. Illustrated. Pp. 185. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 1910. \$1.25 net.

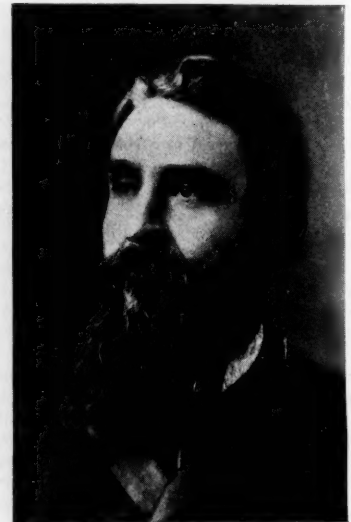
Miss Jewett has here adapted for children the story of the life of Assisi's poet, Saint Francis. She dwells on the sweet simplicity of his life, "his love for all things both great and small," and the change from the thoughtless youth to the founder of the order of "God's little poor men," to whose members every living thing was brother and sister, worthy of the most complete self-sacrifice.

St. Francis of Assisi has long been the inspiration of painter and poet, and Miss Jewett betrays a thorough familiarity with her subject, and supplements her vivid descriptions with photographic illustrations of Umbria and Perugia.

The story is tenderly told, and the songs so dear to St. Francis often quoted.

Mackenzie, W. M. Pompeii. Illustrated by Alberto Pisa. Cloth. Decorated cover. 8vo, pp. 175, 24 plates. London: A. & C. Black. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

In this well-known series of "color-books," as the publishers call it, the name of the illustrator always precedes, upon the title-



GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

pages, that of the writer of the text; and usually it is well that it should be so. This volume is, however, an exception, for while the score of three-color plates are as satisfactory as could be expected in the way of pictures of ruins, and certainly illuminate the story of the desolated town, this story itself is both interesting and admirable. It is evident that Mr. Mackenzie is deeply learned in whatever is to be known relating to Pompeii, but no disagreeable pedantry is perceivable in his way of communicating this knowledge, nor, on the other hand, an excess of rhapsody. His object has been to give the reader not only a fair landscape idea of the empty, roofless mockery of what two thousand years ago was a gay and populous city; but to make us, in imagination, rehabilitate its homes and bazaars and public buildings, reclothe the charred skeletons, and listen again to the busy and joyous clamor of one of the most active marts and enjoyable summer resorts of southern Italy. To accomplish this, Mr. Mackenzie not only tells us what remains of Pompeii have survived her dreadful fate, but how one may read into the silent record a very complete

story by means of the life and customs of the people of the same district to-day. This constant illustration of Pompeian life and customs by contemporaneous manners and by modern survivals of habits and speech, lends a vivid interest to the story while it greatly instructs us. It is a good book.

Mark Twain. *Travels in History.* Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 170. New York: Harper & Bros. 50 cents.

McDonald, Etta Blaisdell, and Dalrymple, Julia. *Boris in Russia.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 120. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 60 cents.

McPherson, Logan G. *Transportation in Europe.* Map. 12mo, pp. 285. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50 net.

Mason, A. E. W. *At the Villa Rose.* Illustrated. Pp. 322. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

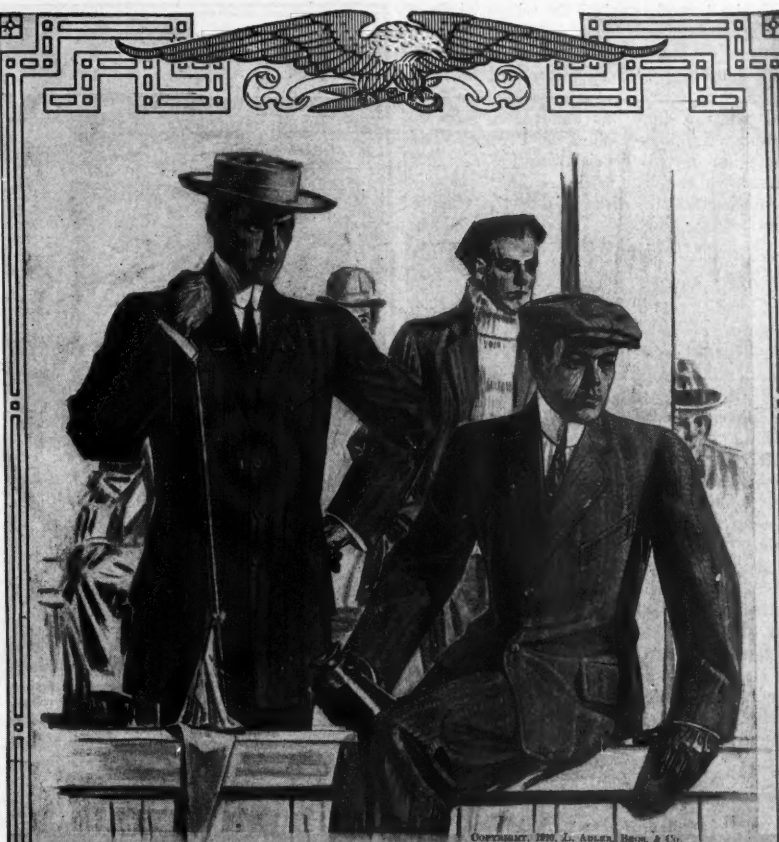
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Maxim, Hudson. *The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language.* Illustrations by William Oberhardt. Pp. 294. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$2.50.

From the time when Horace wrote poetically of poetry in his immortal "Ars Poetica," down to the days when Rosenkranz and Zimmerman produced universal histories of poetry, the efforts of thinkers to descant on this branch of literary esthetics have been continuous. The dissertations have been so numerous that originality of treatment might now seem impossible. The author of the present treatise, however, at least proves that the topic had not been exhausted, for he has produced a volume which is unique among such treatises. The mere fact of his writing such a work is, in itself, interesting; for, apart from its distinctive merits, it gives new evidence of the versatility which so frequently characterizes high intellectual talents. In a memorable dictum, Macaulay averred of Lord John Russell that there was nothing which that nobleman would not readily undertake, "from an operation for stone to the command of the Channel Fleet." Michelangelo excelled alike as painter, sculptor, and architect. That an eminent scientific inventor should appear as an expert critic of poetics will, undoubtedly, surprise many minds; but many others will remember how philosophers have come to recognize it as axiomatic that men of large capacity are capable of varying their achievements according to volition in many directions.

Mr. Hudson Maxim's treatise is characterized by certain qualities which will render it a bibliothecal rarity. For it is not a mere reverberation of previous critiques. There are, indeed, in these pages, sonorous echoes of the sentiments, opinions, and animadversions of antecedent writers, but we are treated to vivid and racy criticism. Of the critics. Many a sentence is launched like



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a Maxim torpedo against the whole fabric of some time-honored fashion in literary opinion. Especially notable is the elaborate dissertation, sparkling with epigrams and lucid in logical demonstration, concerning the central problem that has challenged thinkers through the ages—What is Poetry? The discussion of this crucial question of itself imparts value to the work.

Another feature distinguishes the volume from other treatises. The author excels in the categorical direction. He propounds certain questions which have, as a rule, been answered only in foggy and obscurantist ways. Mr. Maxim claims that he is the first writer to answer scientifically not fewer than eighteen all-important questions relating to sound and its properties, to articulate speech, to the true scientific definition of verse, to metaphoric values, to the philosophy of sublimity, etc., etc.

Mr. Maxim evidently comprehends the scope of literary polarity, as many an author does not, for he discriminates with precision between the positive and the negative, taking pains to make the student understand what poetry is *not*, as well as what it is, and claiming that Shakespeare came nearer than any other man to an adequate explanation of what it really is. It is somewhat startling to find a foremost scientist affirming that poetry has a stronger hold on us than science itself. With refreshing frankness, Mr. Maxim apotheosizes poetry as the wonder-science which we inherit from the long ages, and which is stronger in us than the new-born science of reason.

But the chief charm of the literary feat, for most readers, may be found in the plunges made by the author himself into poetical composition. Several of his effusions diversify his chapters, each having been written to enforce some critical principle. The following, entitled "Shadows of Dawn," may surely be regarded as luminous with the genuine glow of Parnassus. It indicates how deeply this representative of science has drunk of the Pierian spring:

A whirl of dust is sweeping the hill,
Between the gray dawn and the huge black mill.
There's a drift of rags and of skinny bones,
With skeleton feet on the ruthless stones.
What specters are these in the witching light—
This ghostly rear-guard of the night,
Wearily treading the trail of the dark,
Arousing the morn before the lark?
What wights are they, so gaunt and lean,
With lagging pace and drowsy mien,
Who under the dim lamp's flickering glow
Wind into the cavernous mill below?
A sortie of ghouls aloose from the tomb,
Or a rabble of wraiths begot of the gloom?
No—goblins and ghouls such task would shirk—
It is only the children going to work.

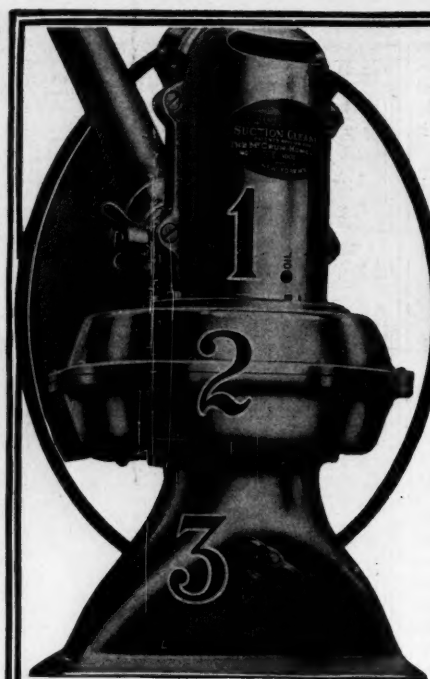
The full-page illustrations, sixteen in number, so many concrete poems in light and shade, form and expression, are conceived in the spirit of the text.

Monroe, Will S. *Bohemia and the Czechs—The History, People, Institutions, and the Geography of the Kingdom, Together with Accounts of Moravia and Silesia.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 488. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Moody, Charles Stuart (M.D.). *Backwoods Surgery and Medicine.* 16mo, pp. 100. New York: Outing Publishing Co. 75 cents net.

Moors, J. H. *With Stevenson in Samoa.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 230. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Mr. Moors was a business man at Apia, in Samoa, when Stevenson took up his home



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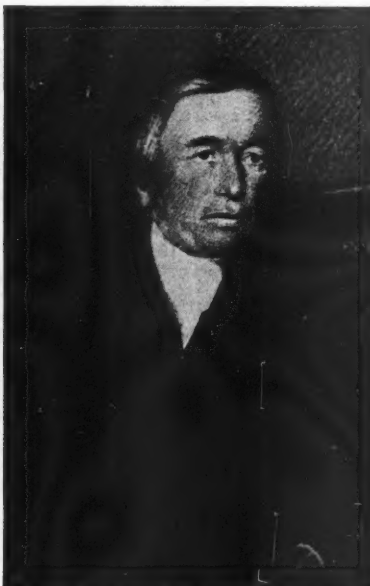
there. The two men met almost at once, and till Stevenson's death remained friends. Mr. Moors was often of practical assistance to Stevenson in business matters. He gives interesting details of the building of Stevenson's house and the life he led there with his large and varied family. The man of letters



From Olcott's "George Eliot."

SOUTH FARM, GEORGE ELIOT'S BIRTHPLACE.

he seems not to have fully understood, but Stevenson's personality as a neighbor and companion he fully appreciated. The various chapters in the book deal with Stevenson's home life, his charm as a host, his friends among white men and natives, and his death. A final chapter, entitled "An Appeal," begs that friends of Stevenson will raise funds with which to construct a durable pathway



From Olcott's "George Eliot."

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to the neighboring mountain top where Stevenson lies buried. He urges further that something more monumental than the broad foundation and low sarcophagus be erected above the body of the novelist. A proper road could be built for three thousand dollars, but a fund should be set apart for its maintenance. The little book gives an agreeable picture of the man and his life in Samoa.

Munn, Charles Clark. The Castle Builders. 12mo, pp. 512. Illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.

Olcott, Charles S. George Eliot, Scenes and People in Her Novels. 8vo, pp. 231. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$2 net.

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MILLS

with the people and places among which they were written. A woman like George Eliot may have used a great many lay figures, or even models for her pictures of character; but caricature on the one hand and idealization on the other, transformed in her works, while in the scenes of Warwickshire she saw and painted "the light that never was on sea or land." Nevertheless, this pleasant and readable book does not labor to keep the author of the "Mill on the Floss" too strictly to her text. It is instructive, as a physical study, to see how she used her materials; expanded, emphasized their salient points, and rendered them artistically perfect and consistent. She lived in the country of Shakespeare, and wrote in the spirit of the dramatist. The map of the "George Eliot Country" is, at least, curious and interesting, while a good deal of industry and ingenuity has been expended in identifying the principal characters in her eight novels, and portraits, where available, are appended. A very judicious chapter is added on "George Eliot and Mr. Lewes," while the concluding essay on the "Womanliness of George Eliot" will certainly serve to keep alive interest in a novelist whose style of fiction has been largely superseded by sensational stories of adventure and improbability, not to speak of detective narratives.

Thoreau, Henry D. Walden. Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Small 8vo, pp. 440. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Mr. Johnson has prepared for this edition of Thoreau's chief work, thirty-five photographic illustrations, in part from Concord village, but mainly from Walden Pond and other points in the Concord neighborhood. They have been chosen with much appreciation of their relation to Thoreau's memorable stay at Walden and the places referred to in his book. Mr. Johnson contributes, also, a brief introduction, in which he makes an interesting statement as to the history of Thoreau's house after he abandoned it. It first became the property of a Scotch gardener, who removed it to a place on what had been Thoreau's famous beanfield, where, for a few years, it served as his cottage. A farmer afterward bought it, mounting it on wheels, and transported it to his farm three miles north of the pond, "where it stood for many years a shelter for grain and beans and a favorite haunt of squirrels and bluejays." Mr. Johnson does not say whether the building still stands there. On its original site, now stands a cairn of stones, made larger each year by bands of tourists who visit the place and add their tributes. The land still belongs in the Emerson family. Slight changes have occurred in the place since Thoreau lived there, its woodland character being almost as complete now as then.

Trent, William P. Longfellow and Other Essays. 12mo, pp. 244. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.

The unveiling of a bust of the poet at the University of Illinois gave occasion for Professor Trent's pleasing appreciation of the author of "Hiawatha," the most original and, so to speak, genuine of Longfellow's works. Those who know the style of the Columbia professor will be gratified by his book. Other literary works and topics dealt with are: "The Heart of Midlothian," "Thackeray's Verse," "A Talk to Would-be Teachers," etc. With a light touch, and a vein of thought never obscure, and never running to ground or lost in the clouds, this writer "pursues the even tenor of his way" safely and surely, and no reader can be puzzled by his views.

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CURRENT POETRY

IT is hard to lift a lyric or two from a sonnet sequence and still preserve the charm of the original setting. The two poems that follow are from a series of sonnets—forty-six in number—called "Thysia; An Elegy" (Mitchell Kennerley). Mr. Frederick Harrison, some two years since, discovered this anonymous sonnet-elegy and wrote about it in *The Nineteenth Century*. By way of introduction we will quote a paragraph of praise from Mr. Harrison, altho it seems to us to have the pseudo-literary style of a publisher's notice:

"Of exquisite quality," he wrote of these sonnets. "There is in them a poignant ring, a vivid reality, an intense realism, which mark them off from all literary elegies of any kind. And being the consecration of married love in rare form, I judge them to have a truly unique origin. They have the pathos inscribed on marble in the best Greek epitaphs. To my ear, their language has a melody and a purity such as no living poet can surpass."

To My Song

Bow down, my song, before her presence high,
In that far world where you must seek her now;
Say that you bring to her no sonnetry,
But plain-set anguish of the breast or brow;
Say that on earth I sang to her alone,
But now, while in her heaven she sits divine,
Turning, I tell the world my bitter moan,
Bidding it share its hopes and griefs with mine,
Versing not what I would but what I must,
Wail of the wind or sobbing of the wave;
Ah! say you raised my bowed head from the dust,
And held me backward from a wilful grave;
Say this, and her sweet pity will approve,
And bind yet closer her dear bond of love.

"Twin Songs There Are"

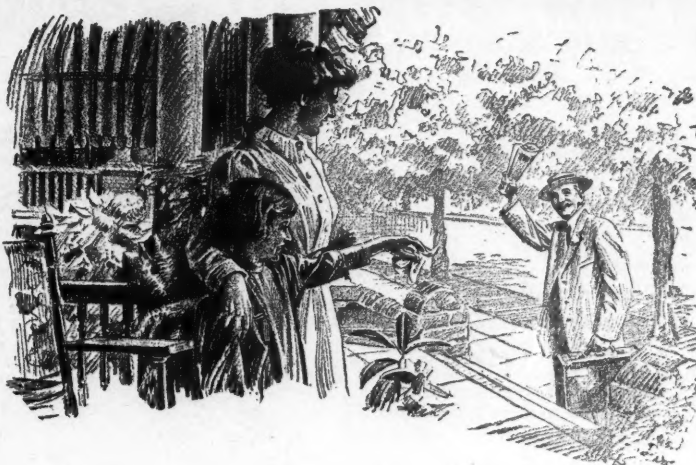
Twin songs there are, of joyance, or of pain,
One of the morning lark in midmost sky,
When falls to earth a mist, a silver rain,
A glittering cascade of melody;
And mead and wold and the wide heaven rejoice,
And praise the Maker; but alone I kneel
In sorrowing prayer. Then wanes the day: a Voice
Trembles along the dusk, till peal on peal
It pierces every living heart that hears,
Pierces and burns and purifies like fire;
Again I kneel under the starry spheres,
And all my soul seems healed and lifted higher,
Nor could that jubilant song of day prevail
Like thine of tender grief, O nightingale!

Posthumous verse, discovered in old blank-books or on the fly-leaves and margins of stray volumes, usually imposes upon us a record of the dull moments of bright men. An exception to this rule is printed in *Everybody's*. "The Crucible" was found in one of O. Henry's note-books shortly after the death of the author, and would do credit to a professional poet:

The Crucible

BY O. HENRY

Hard ye may be in the tumult,
Red to your battle hilts,
Blow give for blow in the foray,
Cunningly ride in the tilts;
But when the roaring is ended,
Tenderly, unbugled,
Turn to a woman a woman's
Heart, and a child's to a child.
Test of the man, if his worth be
In accord with the ultimate plan,
That he be not, to his marring,
Always and utterly man;
That he bring out of the tumult,
Fitter and undefiled,
To woman the heart of a woman,
To children the heart of a child.
'Good when the bugles are ranting
It is to be iron and fire;



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Good to be oak in the foray,
Ice to a guilty desire.
But when the battle is over
(Marvel and wonder the while)
Give to a woman a woman's
Heart, and a child's to a child.

Michael Heseltine, in the *London Nation*, has wisely touched a theme that comes within the common experience of all. His verses suggest the familiar and poignant lines of Charles Lamb:

"All are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

Coming Back

By MICHAEL HESELTINE.

White fingers from the mist-enchanted meads
Beckon us home, the day dies, and is still;
Softly clear Itchen sways his long-haired weeds:
Cool darkness wraps our green oft-trodden hill.

To-day we marveled at five hundred years
Caught in the mirror of an afternoon,
The round of playtime, worktime, friendship, tears,
The glorious haste we shared, and lost too soon.

We trace again with slow memorial feet
Grey paven court and cloister, Chapel, School,
New laughter sounds about us through the street,
A new year's leaves droop to the mill-stream's pool.

Deep-carven names, proud words above the dead,
Stones dark with fallen honey from the limes,
Sun-shadows on the grass, roofs burnt to red
In ancient sunsets musical with chiming.

These call us back: but they who filled our days
Have passed on elder, farther journeyings;
Only we take for heritage old ways,
Old scents, old sounds, slight and unchangeable things.

"Now in honesty," said Carlyle to Richard Milnes, "what is the use of putting your accusative *before* the verb, and otherwise entangling the syntax; if there really is an image of any object—thought or anything within you, for God's sake let me have it the shortest way and I will so cheerfully excuse the omission of the jingle at the end." The best part of this typical bit of Carlylese scolding applies directly to "Love's Coming," printed in the current *Harper's*. Such grammatical inversions and errors as "me to learn" ("me to teach," would have been better), "my pillow he," "not knowing him who he," "did he bring," are simply signs of ignorance or slovenliness.

Yet, if we assay these twisted lines for poetry we can find a few grains of gold.

Love's Coming

By AMÉLIE TROUBETZKOY

I

When I was young, and wanton, wide-eyed Life
Teased me from sleeping, Love himself did come
Me to console and learn to dream awake.
With heavenly toys my pillow he bestrewn,
Gifts of Dame Venus in his babyhood:
The little mirror that had held her face;
A golden shoe that Pegasus had cast;
One of her dove's bright plumes: an irised edge
Broke from the shell she lay in at her birth;
A rose kissed open by immortal lips.
All night I with the pretty baubles played,
Then asked his name, not knowing him who
he was.

"I am First Love," quoth he, and straightway fled.

II

Youth with First Love was gone and Life asleep,
But I lay wakeful, lonely even for dreams,
When one came suddenly, like a serving king,
And smoothed my pillow. Wonderful his eyes
As winter waters that enfold a star,
No baubles did he bring nor any rose.
But for a scepter held a branch of thorns
Thick studded as with rubies. Trembling sore,
"Kind Lord," I questioned, "who art thou in
truth?"

Then did he bend his scepter to my breast:
"I am Last Love," he said, "and I remain."

Good



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WHILE Mayor Gaynor had no suspicion of coming evil when he boarded the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, that bright August morning, yet he declares: "I was not surprized when I realized that I was shot." In fact, as he says in a letter to his sister (published and copyrighted in the *New York Evening Post*), so persistent had been the anonymous threats and warnings, that he had reluctantly given up his walks over the Brooklyn Bridge. Writing from his Hoboken sick-bed, the Mayor vividly describes his sensations when struck by the bullet of the would-be assassin.

Altho Mayor Gaynor has not read an account of the shooting, nor has he been told exactly what happened, his own account is, probably, the most detailed one thus far appearing in print. We read in part:

I was standing on the deck talking with Commissioners Thompson, Lederle, Edwards, Corporation Counsel Watson, my secretary, Mr. Robert Adamson, and several friends, who had come aboard to see me off. Mr. Montt, President of Chile, and Mrs. Montt, had just passed by, and I had spoken a few words with them. Mr. Adamson pointed out that the ship was drest with flags for me, but I said I did not think it could be for me. My next consciousness was of a terrible metallic roar in my head. It filled my head, which seemed as tho it would burst open. It swelled to the highest pitch, and then fell, and then rose again, and so alternated until it subsided into a continuous buzz. It was sickening, but my stomach did not give way. I was, meanwhile, entirely sightless.

I do not think I fell, for when I became conscious I was on my feet. I suppose they saved me from falling, and they were supporting me. My sight gradually returned, so that after a while I could see the deck and the outlines of the crowd around me. I became conscious that I was choking. Blood was coming from my mouth, and I tried all I could to swallow it so those around me would not see it. But I found I could not swallow, and then knew my throat was hurt. It seemed as tho it were dislocated. I struggled to breathe through my mouth, but could not, and thought I was dying of strangulation. I kept thinking all the time the best thing to do.

I was not a bit afraid to die if that was God's will of me. I said to myself, just as well now as a few years from now. No one who contemplates the immensity of Almighty God, and of His universe and His works, and realizes what an atom he is in it all, can fear to die in this flesh, yea, even tho it were true that he is to be dissolved forever into the infinity of matter and mind from which he came.

In some way I happened to close my mouth tight and found I breathed perfectly through my nose.

But I shall not speak of the hospital, but only of my recollection (or impressions) of things on the ship. They wanted me to lie down on the deck, but I said no, I would walk to my stateroom. I could now see faces, and I wanted to get away from the crowd. I could not bear to have

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PER PAIR

them looking at me in the plight I was in, especially the crowd of newspaper men, and especially those with cameras. Two of them rushed up from the line where they all stood and put their cameras right in my face and snap them. I finally put my hand up, and think I said "don't." I hope these pictures were not published. The other newspaper men acted decently, as they always do.

We were on the opposite side of the ship, and I was supported through the gangway down a few steps, and then up the same number, and my stateroom was there. As we were crossing I said to Commissioner Thompson, on my right hand, to send for two of the best surgeons of the city, and be sure to tell them not to discourage me. I had difficulty to make him understand me, but he finally did. Finding that my wound was not immediately mortal, I had determined to make a fight for it, and did not want any one to come near me who would discourage me. Nothing annoys me more than to have persons come about and express doubts when I have set my mind upon doing a thing.

They lifted me into bed, but had to prop me up on account of the choking. I told the poor captain who bent over me that I was sorry for the trouble and delay I was causing. The ship's doctor, and the ambulance doctor, who soon arrived, washed my face and beard and bandaged my wound. They carried me in a litter and put me in the ambulance. As it started, I was filled with joy to see my dear Rufe spring up on the rear seat. I knew then that I was not to be alone. How relative happiness is in this world. He had been encouraging me by words all along, and kept on doing so, but broke down completely in the hospital when mama arrived, as I afterward learned.

The excitement being over, I began to grow weak, and was quite weak when I was wheeled into the operating-room. I forgot to tell you that, as I stood or was supported, on the deck, I heard some one crying out: "Kill him!" and others saying: "No, do not kill him." They had seized the assassin. I heard no struggle, nor did I hear any shots fired, but I concluded that I had been shot in the head by an assassin. I did not hear the shot that hit me. There was an interval at the first, when I seem to have been unconscious.

A SNUB THAT FAILED

IN striking contrast to Mr. Roosevelt's snubbing of Senator Lorimer, in Chicago, is his recent meeting with Judge Lindsey, at Denver. When the ex-President arrived at the station he was met by a delegation of Denver's prominent citizens; but Judge Lindsey, perhaps the most distinguished citizen, was noticeable for his absence. Inquiry revealed that the judge of the "Kids' Court" had been snubbed by the committee, and the ingenious rebuke devised by Colonel Roosevelt is told by the *Denver Express*, as follows:

Early in the day, when the reception committee met the colonel, his first question to the members was: "Where is Judge Lindsey?"

The committee sidestept. At noon, when the colonel was resting for a few minutes, there was shoved into his room a copy of *Clay's Review*, with eight pages devoted to slandering Lindsey.

For Every Member of the Family

ABILENA, America's Natural Cathartic Water. It eliminates from the system in a natural, normal way, the waste secretions which all body activity creates, and the unappropriated products retained from each day's food and drink. But it does *more*. While other cathartics temporarily deaden the cell activity of liver and bowels, ABILENA stimulates these, bringing about speedily a normal systemic condition. Ninety-five per cent. of ABILENA is sodium sulphate—the ideal laxative and eliminant.

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America's Natural Cathartic Water

Not a medicine nor a chemical preparation—it is drawn from the famous ABILENA Wells. Chemical analysis proves it far superior to all other cathartics of any kind. It's as harmless as pure drinking water. The dose is small, and it's not bad to take. Ask your physician about it. All druggists have it.

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Druggists: If not prepared for the enormous demand this advertising is creating, stock up at once through your jobber. (17)



"Don't Forget Your ABILENA"

Then the Roosevelt wrath arose, and he declared to Gifford Pinchot and his other friends that he must see Lindsey and asked to have Lindsey at the entrance to the auditorium as he entered for his speech.

Accompanied by Mayor Speer, Chairman Reynolds of the convention league, and others who had shone with reflected glory, Roosevelt approached the auditorium. Then he saw Lindsey, left the party, and stretched out his hands with:

"I am glad to see you, Judge."

Still holding Lindsey by the hand, he turned to the discomfited committee, and said:

"Here is the man that I have been demanding to see all day."

With this rebuke, which left his reception committee in apprehension of his next move, he turned back to Lindsey with an invitation to go with him to the platform. Lindsey protested that he had not been invited by the committee and did not wish to intrude. Then the famous teeth clenched and he turned toward the committee with this remark:

"Judge Lindsey is my guest on this platform to-day. Will you kindly see that he is provided with a seat."

Then taking Lindsey by the arm, he walked with him to the stage.

Nor was Roosevelt satisfied with this rebuke. He wanted the world outside to know that he believes in Lindsey; believes in his story ("The Beast"), and cares nothing for the slanders which have been circulated. He wanted the widest publicity to his acts.

It just happened that Gilson Gardner, the Washington correspondent of *The Express*, was directly in front of him as he finished speaking. As he finished the speech, Roosevelt stepped to the press box and, calling Gardner, said to him:

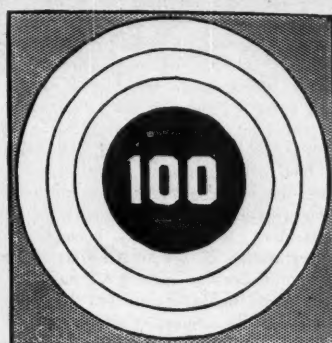
"I wish that you would tell the gentlemen of the press that in opposition to my wishes there was no place provided in my reception for Judge Lindsey, whom I so greatly esteem. I wish you would see that they know that his appearance upon this platform was at my request and as my guest, and that I insisted on his presence here. I deem it an honor to have upon this platform with me a man who has done so much for humanity and has been so courageous against wrong as has Judge Lindsey."

UNCLE SAM'S SLEUTHS

NOT long ago, Mayor Gaynor, of New York, called the attention of the Police Department to the easily recognized appearance of most of the members of the detective bureau. It seemed to him that there was a need for small, unobtrusive men, who might the more naturally escape notice. According to the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the Secret Service Bureau of the United States Department of Justice is not to be caught in any such errors. Lawyers and newspaper men are the desired types here. We read:

The bureau is a new thing in the sleuth business. Its members are mostly lawyers. They are young men, largely college graduates, preferably with a wide experience of the world and of business. The nature of the work before them calls for this class of men.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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BUYING fire insurance ought to be like rifle practice. The aim should be for the **Hartford**. The value of a fire insurance policy is not altogether dependent upon the promises which it contains, nor upon the financial resources back of it. Its value depends largely upon the character and methods of the company which issues it. It is for this reason that we place the **Hartford** as the bull's eye of the insurance target.

You aim for the best when you select a bank or take a partner in business. **Why not do this in fire insurance?**

Aiming for the **Hartford** and getting it gives you the perfect score. It costs no more in effort to aim for this perfect insurance: it costs no more in money to get a **Hartford** policy.

Our aim in this advertising is to get property owners to use the same foresight about fire insurance that they do about other business matters. We will register a high score if we succeed.

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BICYCLE CASES.
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BICYCLE CARDS. LARGE INDEXES
IVORY OR AIR-CUSHION FINISH.
MOST DURABLE 25c CARD MADE
IN USE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Violations of the antitrust laws form a large part of the work of the bureau. Only a lawyer would be able to handle the intricacies of those investigations. Only a lawyer would know what was evidence in such cases. Then the lawyer sleuth makes out the case so understandingly that a vast amount of detail is saved when it is brought to trial. The district attorney, in those cases, has little to do but hear the case.

The Government got the death grip on the nightriders in Kentucky because of this understanding of law on the part of one of its Secret Service men. All sorts of outrages were being committed in Kentucky because of the attempt of the growers to control the marketing of the crop. Where a farmer refused to sell through them his barn was burned, his house shot up, often his wife and children killed. So strong was the local sentiment in favor of this procedure that the local courts were ineffective. It required a greater outside force to put an end to these practices.

The Department-of-Justice agents went into Kentucky. They investigated the lawlessness. Unless it had directly to do with interstate business the Federal Government had no right to interfere. A farmer was found who had refused to sell through the organization. Independently he had hauled his tobacco to town and had loaded it for shipment to Cincinnati. The organization interfered, attempted to intimidate him, hauled the tobacco and put it back in his barn, finally burned it. The lawyer-sleuth grasped the point that this tobacco had been consigned to Cincinnati, and that in interfering with its shipment the Federal interstate law had been violated. Upon this one point hung the authority through which the Federal Government last year crushed the nightriders of Kentucky.

Next to the lawyer the newspaper man is the most popular individual in the new Secret Service. This man has been trained to go in and get the facts. Chief Finch says that the best trait of these literary sleuths is that they never know when to quit. Yet the whole aggregation is not "high brow." There are a score of old gun-men in the new service. These are the best men with the six-shooter that could be called from the ninety millions. Three of them were on the night-riding expedition in Kentucky. Had the worst come to the worst, there would have been one of the best exhibitions of fancy shooting on that trip the country has ever known. The Kentucky mountaineer is a good man with a gun, but these are the selected quick-shooters of them all. One of them is a quiet old rural, from Idaho, who can get his gun and ring six bells on a target while the average man is preparing for the first shot.

Then there is the place for the old-type sleuth, that is so well known in the Police Department and the "hist! hist!" theaters. There are special cases where he fits in, and he is kept in reserve for these.

There are certain characteristics that must be common to all these men. A Secret-Service man must always be inconspicuous. There are none of the handsome, fine, and strapping sort of men in this work. The secret agent must always remain unknown, must be lost in the crowd, must not attract attention. He should be the sort of a man from whom a street-car conductor fails to collect fares. There is not a red-headed man on the force. None of them has scars, none of them peculiarities of appearance. If you met one of them twenty times on the

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describes and illustrates the unique mechanism of my invention and its numerous applications. Enclose 4c for postage. Address Prof. ADRIAN P. SCHMIDT, 1943-47 Broadway, New York

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will not only excite the admiration of the recipient, but will astonish him when he notes the perfectly smooth edges, after seeing you detach it from your book. Send today for a sample tab and delight yourself. It is the most unique innovation in business and calling card manufacture the world has ever seen.

Big concerns and tasteful people are adopting them exclusively.

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street you would not realize that you had met him before. They must be quiet, unobtrusive, self-obliterating. It is better that they should be undersized, medium-complexioned, clean-shaven. But with this unobtrusiveness there must be cleverness. Without seeming to observe, the detective must see all. Without seeming so, he must be a bulldog for tenacity and forceful in emergency.

AMONG THE WOMEN EXILES IN SIBERIA

THE stories of suicide of Siberian exiles do not seem surprising when we read the experiences of some who have lived to come back. The depressing desolation of the country, the long, dark winters, and the cruelty of the guards and governors, we are told, make death seem kinder than life. Little news reaches the exiles of the success or failure of the revolutionary schemes for which they and their comrades have risked their lives, save when a court sentence or administrative order, in distant Russia, sends some one from the center of activity to share their fate. Yet, in spite of their hardships, the exiles stand by each other with courage, and work out many plans of mutual assistance.

According to Rose Strunsky, who has known many of them intimately, the prisoners have started benefit associations, soup kitchens, and even small libraries. Upon the women more than the men does the privation come hard, in the nature of things, yet how cheerful they are, and how devoted! Says Miss Strunsky, in *The Forum*:

In the writer's two days in prison it was discovered that there were certain "rights" she did not receive. As a foreigner, she should not have been imprisoned at all, without an explanation; and she ought not to be eating prison food, but hospital food, at least. The request for hospital food was made and granted, but on condition that it be paid for, which, of course, would not be getting it as a "right." Unfortunately, she was freed before the matter had been fought out. In this same room most of the panes in the windows were broken. "The winter is coming soon; how does it happen the window-panes are broken?" the girls were asked.


"Oh, they will be put in for us. We only broke them the other day." And then they added, by way of explanation: "You see, one of the girls, who was taking her walk in the yard, was called to go up to the gendarmerie. The warder thought she did not go fast enough, and took her by the hand roughly, and pulled her. Of course, we broke every window in the prison. We can't have personal violence here."

The most striking thing about these women was the love and tenderness they bore to one another, and their great personal beauty. The Russian woman revolutionist is not in her element on the streets. She hurries along in a little black serge skirt—the inevitable pockets bulging with literature—and a short black jacket and fur cap; uncorseted, bent forward, her hair first braided and then pinned low on her neck; with an intense manner, as if she were in great anxiety not to miss the Czar and throw the bomb. She needs a prison to show her off.

The room we were in seemed full of beau-

Inner fabric of
cotton, linen or silk

Outer fabric of
wool, silk or silkoline



DON'T let Jack Frost catch you napping. You may prevent an all-winter cold by going to your fur- nisher today for

Improved Duofold Health Underwear

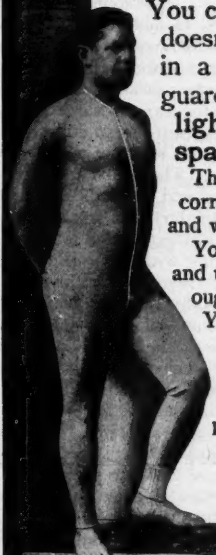
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Your dealer will show you *Duofold* single garments and union suits in various weights and styles; thoroughly shrunken; and guaranteed in every respect. Your money back if not satisfied. If you can't get exactly what you want write to us. We'll find a way to supply you.

Ask for the *Duofold* style booklet. It gives important facts about underwear that every modern man ought to know. "Get next".

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NO one shape toothbrush will suit every mouth. See the difference in the shape of these two brushes. They are two of the ten Kleanwell shapes. One of the ten will suit your mouth. Kleanwell bristles won't come out.

SOLD IN A SEALED BOX

The Brisco-Kleanwell seal on the box and the name on the brush guarantee the genuine. Adults' and children's sizes. For sale everywhere, 35c each. Send 4c for Dolly's Kleanwell—a tiny toothbrush.

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HAIR BRUSHES

withstand vigorous usage. By brushing with a Brisco, you can reach the scalp and promote the health of your hair. Here is a popular style No. 2, \$1.50. The name Brisco is on each brush.

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THIS BRUSH MEANS AN UNHANDLED BRUSH

IF IT LEAKS

Get MENDETS

They mend all leaks instantly in granite ware, hot water bags, tin, copper, brass, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivets. Any one can use them. Fit any surface. Perfectly smooth. Wonderful invention. Household necessity. Millions in use. Send for sample package, 10c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c. postpaid. Agents wanted. COLLETTE MFG. CO., Box 161, Amsterdam, N. Y.

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There is no need of having trouble at any time in the heating of your home if you will install a **Minneapolis Heat Regulator** with time attachment. Measures the temperature down to a degree and keeps it there by automatically regulating the dampers. Its accurate performance avoids all extremes of temperature, insures comfort and saves fuel. The 1911 model has two helpful improvements in the time attachment consisting of a **Detachable Clock and an Eight-Day Alarm Set**. Easy as winding a watch, and the alarm requires winding but once a week. Send for booklet. Recommended and sold by all dealers in the heating trade.

W. M. R. SWERATT, Sec'y.
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tiful nymphs and dryads, because of their hair, which they wore in long braids that fell over their shoulders, or opened loose and tied back on the head with a ribbon, like little English school-girls. Their bodies were lithe and supple, and showed strongly underneath their little waists and skirts. And such gentleness in the touch of their hands, and such tenderness hanging around the eyes and mouth! They never address each other but with the sacred word of "comrade" and "my dear one." There was an intangible atmosphere of fellowship and love in the room. Some one cooked for some one else; a little working girl was taught the Russian grammar by a student from Moscow and all were soft-voiced and loving.

In Akatoui, the penal colony, which now takes the place of Kara, where this Austrian girl was going, is one Marie Spiridonova, whose beauty is so great that the reports always read: "That the showing proofs of all she had undergone, her great beauty is not really marred." This young girl had taken it upon herself to mete out justice to the governor-general of Tomboy, for having gone through that province with fire and sword. He would order peasants to be whipt, keeping them tied for two or three weeks lying on the floors in barns, and taking them out each day to be whipt again, until death relieved them. The bench where the whipping was done would invariably be next to the barn, where the men lay, and thus the blows and the cries of the tortured man were heard by the victims within. Spiridonova went to meet the governor-general at a railway station, drew out her revolver, which she carried in her muff, and shot him dead at a distance of thirty feet. Before she had time to use the revolver on herself she was jumped upon by the guards and officers, beaten, dragged by the hair, burned with cigarets, and horribly maltreated in prison for days. Her case made a sensation in the press three years ago, not because it was unprecedented, but because it was the last straw; such is the psychology of a callous world. She was sentenced to hard labor for life in Akatoui, but because of escapes—which always mean reprisals on the whole prison—and the suffering she has undergone in general, she is fast dying of consumption. Escapes involve such suffering on those that remain—for the authorities look upon them as a conspiracy made by the whole prison—that they are never attempted except by the consent of all the comrades in prison, and request of the revolutionary party, for some leader whom it needs.

There is another woman in Akatoui, Natasha Klinova, who, too, was noted for her wondrous beauty. She was tall, pale, with gray eyes, and much dark hair. In Finland, where she had gone to see to the transportation of dynamite into Russia, she dressed well, for she acted as a bride touring the country with her husband. A few nights before their return into Russia, she swept into a concert room in a long train and many furs, looking so much like some gracious queen that the eyes of the whole concert followed her. Her husband was one they called "the Bear." He was leader of the December uprising in Moscow, and of the attempts against Stolypin and Durnovo. Both returned to Russia, and he was trapped by a spy dressed as a beggar, who knew the "Bear's" habit of never refusing alms. When he stooped to give him a coin, the beggar threw his arms around him and held him till the gendarmes came up. That

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If he cannot supply you order from us direct, giving his name, enclosing express or money order, and we will send it prepaid.

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A single drop diffuses the odor of a thousand blossoms and lasts for weeks. 50 times the strength of other perfumes; contains no alcohol.

Put up in a cut glass bottle with long glass stopper; packed in a maple case. 4 odors—Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Crabapple. \$1.50 a bottle all over the world wherever perfumes are sold; or sent post-paid upon receipt of check, stamps or money order. Money returned if not the finest perfume you ever used.

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was on a Saturday afternoon, and by sunrise he was hanged. Poor Natasha Klinova walked through the streets of St. Petersburg in despair and anguished, with tears running down her face. She made no attempt to hide. She was arrested on the streets and also condemned to death. Rumor had it that, altho the "Bear" was ostensibly the leader of his group, it was really Natasha's great executive gift which carried out all his plans. She was sentenced for helping to organize the attempt against Stolypin, but as she was the daughter of a governor-general, the sentence was commuted to fifteen years' hard labor in chains. She is the first woman, and the only one, in chains.

Her name, Natasha Klinova, was carved on the prison table in firm, heavy strokes. She had made the start for the Great Siberian Road a few weeks before.

And this is the value of Siberia to the world—that tho there are men and women who will do injustice, there are, also, men and women who will not suffer it; and that as long as the autocracy of Russia shall exist, so long will Siberia remain the school, the home, the fatherland of the Russian people.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Why Business Lags.—GLOOMY PARTY—"I bought a revolver from you yesterday. I wish you'd take it back. I've changed my mind."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

Thunder and Lightning.—A bishop came to visit a church where a colored minister was presiding. Loudly and with much gesticulation the preacher proclaimed Salvation. When he had finished, he approached the bishop and asked how he liked the sermon.

The bishop answered: "Why, pretty well; but don't you think you spoke too loud?"

"Well," said the preacher, "it's this way: what I lacks in lightning I tries to make up in thunder."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

A Threat.—IMMATURE CONDUCTOR (to clarinet player)—"See here, Herr Schlag, why don't you follow my beat?"

VETERAN CLARINET (solemnly)—"If you don't look owid, I will!"—*Puck*.

Not Nice French.—In the dining-room of a hotel at Nice, on a huge placard posted over the mantelpiece, you can read the following: "Our English visitors are kindly requested to address the waiters and servants in English, as their French is not generally understood."—*Tit-Bits*.

The Largesse.—"What is a largesse, papa?"
"A \$, my boy."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

So they Say.—STRANGER—"I say, my lad, what is considered a good score on these links?"

CADDIE—"Well, sir, most of the gents here tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it generally takes a few more."—*Scottish American*.

Fame and Long Life.—"The Cross of the Legion is a wonderful thing for health."
"How's that?"

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Poor Thing!—HE—"Why does the maid decline to clean my coat with benzine?"
SHE—"Since the chauffeur jilted her she can't stand the smell of it."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

Transaction Followed.—VERA (eight years old)—"What does transatlantic mean, mother?"

"Across the Atlantic, of course; but you mustn't bother me."

VERA—"Does 'trans' always mean across?"

MOTHER—"I suppose it does. Now, if you don't stop bothering me with your questions I shall send you right to bed."

VERA (after a few minutes' silence)—"Then does transparent mean a cross parent?"—*Ideas*.

The Newest Stratagem.—WILD DUCK—"Now, then, fellers, make a noise like a gasoline motor, and those fool hunters will think we're aeroplanes!"—*Puck*.

The Real Question.—LITTLE BESSIE—"Mama, how'll I know when I'm naughty?"

MOTHER—"Your conscience will tell you, dear."

LITTLE BESSIE—"I don't care about what it tells me—will it tell you?"—*Harper's Magazine*.

His Best Order.—It had been a dull season, and the two young traveling salesmen were comparing notes. "I had just five good orders in the month of July," said one.

"You beat me, anyway," said his friend. "I got only three orders, and the third one was from the firm, telling me to come home."—*Youth's Companion*.

Consolation.—LUCY—"Yes, Clarence, I really believe that, after all, we may be some day happily married—of course, not to one another."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

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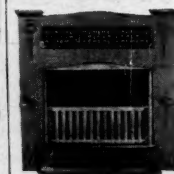
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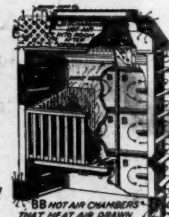
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Shooting for the Young Idea.—HEADMASTER (to father of boy entering school)—"Our teaching embraces writing, arithmetic, algebra, geography, trigonometry—"

FATHER—"Ah! plenty o' that trigger-nometry. He ain't much of a shot yet."—M. A. P.

The Uncle Kind.—SMALL BOY—"I want a box of pills, please."

THE CHEMIST—"What kind, my boy? Anti-bilious?"

SMALL BOY—"No, it's uncle, sir."—London Sketch.

The Crowning Joy.—"Young man, you ought to marry. A cozy home, blooming children—there is nothing happier in the world! And above all, you have the sweet recollection of the time you were a bachelor."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

The Pleasures of Hope.—SHE—"Father believes in the pleasures of anticipation."

HE—"Do you agree with him?"

SHE—"Oh, yes, indeed! In the summer he promises to buy me a sealskin coat the following winter if I'll give up going to the seaside, and in the winter he promises to send me to the seaside the following summer if I give up the sealskin coat. So, you see, I am always happy."—*Titi Bits*.

A Deadly Weapon.—ARTIST (to friend)—"Yes, I use the palette-knife a good deal. Knocked a child's head off in the morning and sold it in the afternoon." (Nervous old gentleman gets out hurriedly at next stop.)—M. A. P.

The Best He Could Do.—Up in Minnesota Mr. Olsen had a cow killed by a railroad train. In due season the claim agent for the railroad called.

"We understand, of course, that the deceased was a very docile and valuable animal," said the claim agent in his most persuasive claim-agently manner, "and we sympathize with you and your family in your loss. But, Mr. Olsen, you must remember this: Your cow had no business being upon our tracks. Those tracks are our private property and when she invaded them she became a trespasser. Technically speaking, you, as her owner, became a trespasser also. But we have no desire to carry the issue into court, and possibly give you trouble. Now, then, what would you regard as a fair settlement between you and the railroad company?"

"Vall," said Mr. Olsen slowly, "Ay bane poor Swede farmer, but Ay shall give you two dollars."—*Everybody's*.

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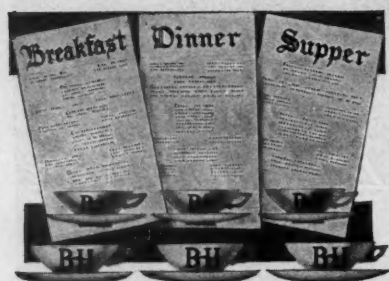
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CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

September 19.—Altho his party is defeated in the recent elections, Premier Louis Botha, of South Africa, will, it is reported, continue as Premier.

The International Conference on Unemployment opens at Paris.

September 20.—Eleven persons are killed and 25 injured in a railroad collision near Rottenmann, Austria.

In a railroad wreck near Oporto, Portugal, 150 persons are injured.

Domestic

September 18.—Capt. Klaus Larsen, of Cleveland, makes a successful motor-boat trip through the lower rapids of the Niagara River.

September 19.—President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt hold a conference at New Haven.

September 20.—Congressman James A. Tawney is defeated for reelection in the Minnesota primaries.

William J. Bryan announces his refusal to support James C. Dahlgren, Democratic nominee for governor of Nebraska.

The New Jersey Republican Convention nominates Vivian M. Lewis for governor.

September 21.—President Taft denounces the "pork barrel" in a speech at Cincinnati.

In a collision between two interurban electric cars near Bluffton, Ind., 42 persons are killed and 7 injured.

The President withdraws from entry 69,055 acres of coal land in Colorado, and 1,327 acres of power sites in California.

RECENT CENSUS RETURNS.

	POPULATION.		Per cent Increase.
	1910.	1900.	
Altoona, Pa.	52,127	38,972	33.8
Aurora, Ill.	29,807	24,147	23.4
Cambridge, O.	11,327	8,241	47.0
Canton, O.	50,217	30,667	63.7
Chicago, Ill.	2,185,283	1,698,575	28.7
Covington, Ky.	53,270	42,938	24.1
Dallas, Tex.	92,104	42,638	116.0
Elgin, Ill.	25,976	22,433	15.8
Erie, Pa.	66,525	52,733	26.2
Fort Worth, Tex.	73,312	26,668	174.7
Galveston, Tex.	36,981	37,789	-2.1
Holyoke, Mass.	57,730	45,712	26.3
Johnstown, Pa.	55,482	35,936	54.4
Joliet, Ill.	34,670	29,353	18.1
La Crosse, Wis.	30,417	28,895	5.3
Little Rock, Ark.	45,941	38,207	19.9
Lowell, Mass.	106,294	94,969	11.9
Manchester, N. H.	70,063	56,987	22.9
McKeesport, Pa.	72,694	34,227	24.7
New Orleans, Pa.	339,075	287,104	18.1
Passaic, N. J.	54,773	27,777	97.2
Pittsfield, Mass.	32,121	21,766	47.6
Racine, Wis.	38,002	29,102	30.6
San Antonio, Tex.	96,614	53,321	81.2
Waterloo, Ia.	26,693	12,580	112.2
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	67,105	51,721	29.7
Williamsport, Pa.	31,860	28,757	10.8

Brave Man.—SHE—"But, Colonel, don't you love Wagner's music?"

He—"Well, I confess I am not exactly afraid of it."—*Simplicissimus*.

TEA AS A FOOD.

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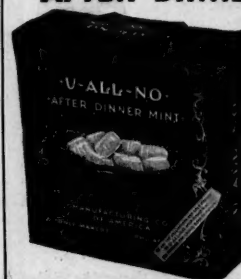
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